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OF LITERATURE

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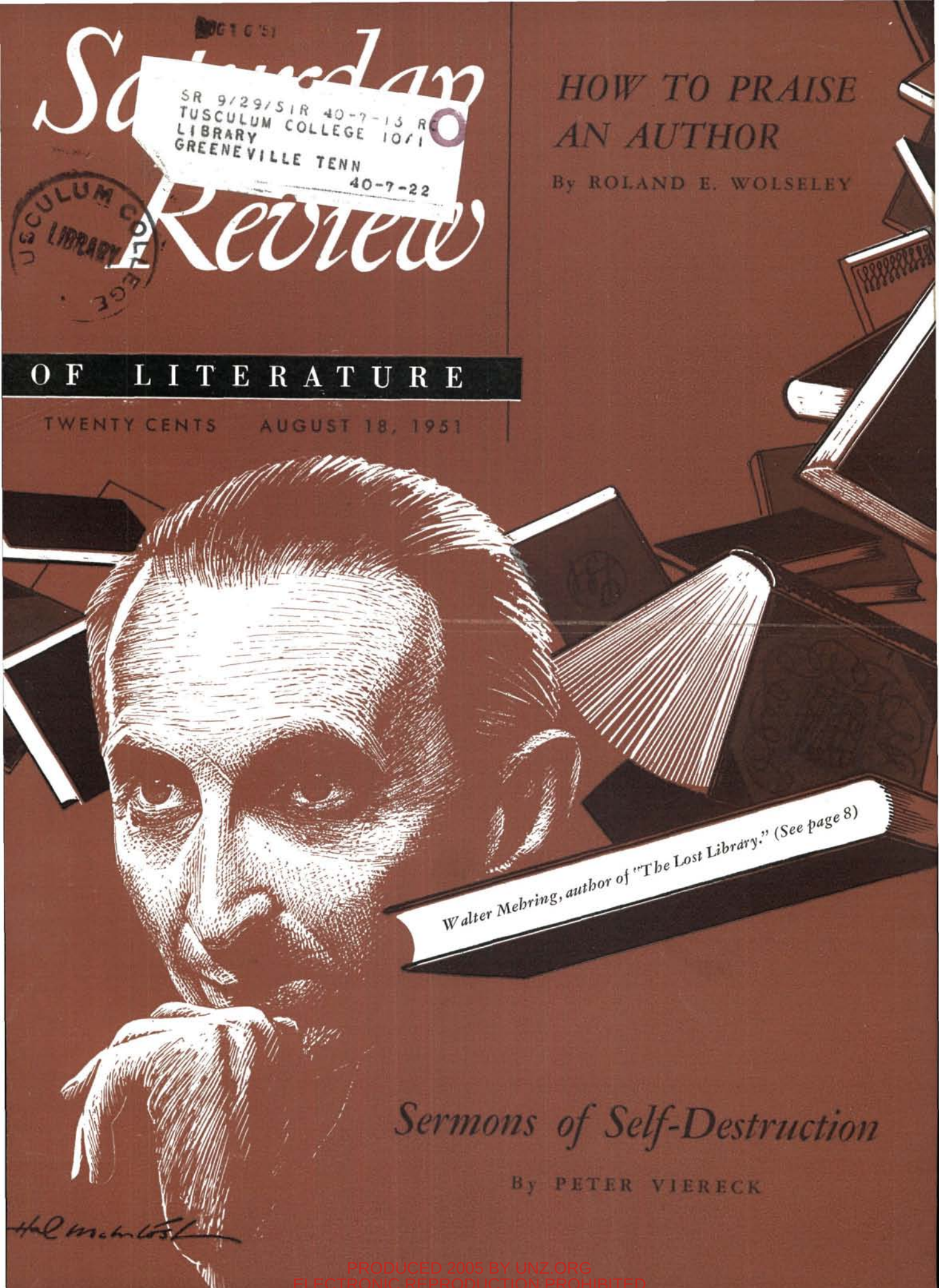
HOW TO PRAISE AN AUTHOR

By ROLAND E. WOLSELEY



Walter Mehring, author of "The Lost Library." (See page 8)

Sermons of Self-Destruction

By PETER VIERECK

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THE HERITAGE OF THE PRINTED WORD

FROM AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY STORER B. LUNT, PRESIDENT, W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC. ON JULY 8, 1951, AT THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION IN CHICAGO

THERE is no denying that in these times that are again trying men's souls the book takes on a heightened significance. There have been other critical times in our history when the printed word has brought the realities of the period into sharp focus and contributed powerfully in shaping the destiny of our nation. Consider the writings of Thomas Paine, think of the writings of Jefferson and the founding fathers, of Lincoln, or more recently those of Wilson and Roosevelt. Consider the impact of such a book as *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* or again on the reverse side of the shield a book like *Mein Kampf,* that powerful creed of wickedness which finally served the enemies of the very evil it proclaimed. Statesmen and politicians disappear. Wars come and go. And when the breath is stilled and the smoke of battle has disappeared over the horizon, there remains the constant and unbroken flow of the printed word and the books that record the history, the philosophy, and the moral values of the world. There is no question — books are the silent and imperishable springs of the eternal truths and of the best in man and his recorded thinking.

I hold that we are blessed and fortunate in our heritage of the printed word through the literature of England. With the exception of the literature of ancient Greece, there is no body of writing comparable to the heritage of English literature shaped over a thousand years; and it is from this that our contemporary writings stem. And with her literature England has also given us humor. What other nations besides England and ourselves have been able to laugh their way through their wars? Where else can we turn for a Shakespeare or a Gilbert and Sullivan or a George Bernard Shaw? Or in our times, for a James Thurber, an E. B. White, or an Ogden Nash? Consider the impact of English literature on the world. Ponder the glory and wonder of the English Bible with a translation that has never been equaled in any other language.

England's history and the history of her literature have been of infinite variety. In recent years her empire may have been whittled down, but the flowering of English literature is still the intellectual and moral empire of the world. Both literature and humor England has given to us, and along with our religion it is the best heritage we have. And we must not let it down.

Let us admit that in recent years the use of books has been intruded upon by other organized holds on the minds of men. I think it perhaps a mistake to define the radio and television precisely as instruments of communication. These instruments of modern commotion are actually more instruments of impact. They require more a passive participation — often none whatsoever. They represent the easier way. They are a substitute—for the lazy mind. There is no time for reflection. One cannot stop to think. One cannot re-read and ponder a paragraph. One grows to take it as it comes. In large part it is split-second entertainment, addressed primarily to the trigger-happy mind. Right now television is the latest American toy, but it will in time outlive its novelty and assume its place among the other gadgets in the American household.

I am all for the solitary reader. It is he who is the vital citizen. It is he who in the long run is the opinion maker. As publishers we fail if we do not encourage the kind of product which reflects a deep personal experience in contemporary life. In this confused and terribly complicated world there is a crying need for companionship and understanding. A voluntary meeting of minds is essential and the most rewarding of all human experiences. I like to think of that Yankee farmer to whom Emerson had loaned his copy of Plato's *Republic.* In returning the book to Mr. Emerson he said, "You know, that man has a great number of my ideas." I need hardly remind you that Mr. Emerson's farmer dwells in every community in the land.

Books supply the nourishment of calm democratic minds. Let books be available and accessible over the land. Let us guard them jealously and fight for their complete freedom and full circulation. If you are subject to the prejudices and pressures of any censorship, tell the world about them. Truth and taste are the only criteria for judging a book and in a democracy truth shall prevail and the press shall be free. We have heard a great deal of nonsense of late on the score of censorship with a recitation of certain case histories and a complete ignoring of countless other case histories which are the common experience of every book publisher. I don't recall Henry Thoreau blaming the Mexicans in the 1840's because most of the first edition of *Walden* gathered dust in his attic. The public at that time simply did not want his book. Today I believe there are nine different editions of *Walden* on the market and *Walden* has moulded men and moved nations.

Now in this proud world of books which we share as librarians and publishers we have a common job to do. Let us acknowledge together that we are concerned in a joint enterprise. On the one hand there is the solitary reader, the curious mind who wants something from a book — information, confirmation, realization, or release. On the other hand there is the solitary writer who creates the means to an answer (perhaps *the* answer) for that man, woman or child. The natural fusion of these two minds is the prime point and purpose of the printed word. All else is secondary. The wider reading of books is the only ultimate real purpose of our joint labors and I rejoice that our two associations, The American Book Publishers Council and The American Library Association, are working more closely and in greater harmony than ever before on this all important common problem. I applaud the invaluable work of the Committee on Reading Development. I applaud the one hundred odd centers in fifty-nine countries over the world, the centers of information and library service now established by the State Department. I venture the prediction that in the long future such centers will function behind the Iron Curtain. The men of the Kremlin fear the truth. They might just as well try and eliminate sunlight from the fields of Russia.

In conclusion let me say that while we honor and celebrate the heritage of the past, we must at all times bear in mind that the present is here and now and that in a democracy we are ever and always at the point of no return. With a sense of the past we live in the present and we are all pioneers of the future. Remember Pasteur's observation that discoveries occur only to the minds of men that are prepared. Our job is to brighten the tools of the past and to provide new tools for the machinery of the thoughtful and informed citizens of the land. Democracy functions only through an informed and enlightened citizenry. And to that end let me assure you that the typewriter is mightier than the television set.

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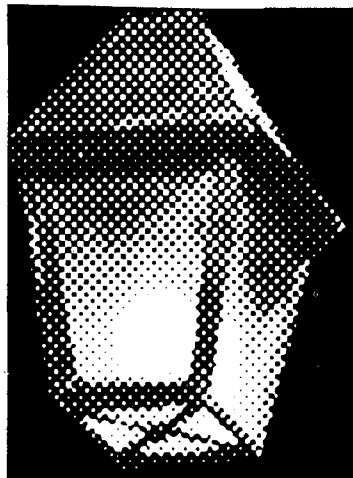

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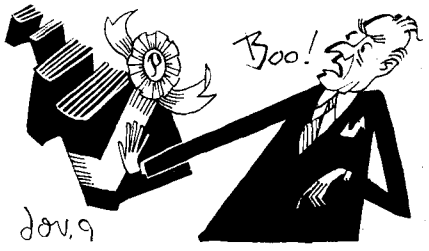
TRADE Winds

KIRGO BOOKS, a thriving enterprise located at 427 Temple Street, New Haven, Conn., has initiated a catalogue-magazine that combines listings of first editions and current attractions with uninhibited comments on the literary scene. A typical paragraph, in Issue Number Two, atomized the Pulitzer Prize awards as follows:

> Like Mothers Day and all the other infernals, the Pulitzer Prizes happen but once a year, sometimes. Sometimes no award is made, such as was the case in the drama division of 1951. "The Member of the Wedding," for instance, was not considered worthy of the prize, though Richter's novel was and Carl Sandburg's poems. It's been fun, but time, isn't it, to close the door on these namby-pamby know-nothing honors. We read Mr. Richter's book; not badly written but about as important as tomorrow's *Chicago Tribune*. Sandburg's poems: read them in high school, where they belong. Palatable, for the age, to be studied. Know any of these names: Margaret Wilson, Margaret Ayer Barnes, Caroline Miller, Josephine Johnson, Harold L. Davis, Martin Flavin? Dim and vague memories? All P. P. winners. Now these: Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, William Faulkner, Scott Fitzgerald, E. E. Cummings, Willa Cather, Eudora Welty. Recognize any? All non-winners of the most prominent American literary award.
>
> The reason? Well, who picks the winners? A bunch of guys who most of the year are busy running corporations, managing newspapers, watching circulation—and probably nice guys too, good to their kids, etc., but about as qualified to make these awards as Yogi Berra is. And, we know for a fact that during the days when old Nicholas Murray Butler had the job Ike recently vacated, and was chief overseer of the P. P.'s, no one got the award unless old Nick gave his okay. We know of a case (happened within the last 10 years):



> poet, of a definitely "modern" character, received the nod from the judges but was vetoed by Nick in favor of an old hand at the game, steady, reliable and also good to his kids.
>
> The point is: let us all cast a cold eye on St. Louis, the home of the *Post Dispatch* (we cancelled our subscription last year), the Columbia University wheels responsible for the farce, and anyone else who dares to give the Phewlitzer prizes any sort of attention. No news these prizes. No nothing.

Cheer up, Mr. Kirgo! That outstanding authority on the Fine Arts, not to mention international affairs, Walter Winchell, promises annual awards of his own that will, in his column at least, relegate the Pulitzer nominations to oblivion.

WHEN IT COMES to extolling the virtues of his own books, London publisher and M. P. Victor Gollancz bows to nobody. Recently his continuous en-

thusiasm got him into something of a pickle, from which he extricated himself in this characteristic press-release: "We recently hailed Michael Innes's first detective story, 'Death at the President's Lodging,' as the best first since Dorothy Sayer's first; we hailed Edmund Crispin's first as the best since 'Death at the President's Lodging'; we hailed Helen McCloy's 'Through a Glass Darkly' as one of the most brilliant detective stories of the day. Now we have to make a similar claim again. Our despair at having to do so is mitigated by the fact that our previous claims were amply confirmed by the critics and the public." Applauds the London *Bookseller:* "What an instance of having it both ways successfully; what hauling oneself up by the bootlaces; what using of past triumphs as a stepping stone to new heights!" . . . There is a publisher in New York who used to discover a new genius on his list approximately once a week, and proclaim the fact in extravagant rhapsodies to the critics. One of the latter was mean enough to save a batch of the publisher's releases. Two years later, when he sprang the names of three of the new "geniuses" at a dinner party, the discoverer couldn't even remember who two of them were! . . .

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THREE IMPORTANT new novels on the fall list of Putnam's are Sholem Asch's "Moses," Robert Wilder's "And Ride a Tiger," and Mika Waltari's "The Wanderer" . . . Doubleday has contracted for a biography of Ring Lardner by Donald Elder, and a formal history of the radio industry, with a long, penetrating look into television, by *SRL*'s own TV critic (and wonderful, too!) Goodman Ace . . . Oriana Atkinson, wife of *The New York Times*'s erudite drama critic, has signed with Bobbs-Merrill for a novel set in the Catskills from 1800 to 1850, entitled "The Twin Cousins." . . . Reminds me of George Jessel's Catskill jaunt of 1950, curtailed to three days because, he explained sadly, he was "blinded by the sour cream." . . . Colonel Duffy counted seventeen men in the first row at "Guys and Dolls" who were bald-headed. Probably, he adds, because they bought their tickets from scalpers. . . . *Pathfinder* Magazine recently reviewed together "The Dionne Legend," Lillian Barker's story of the quintuplets, and Robert C. Cook's "Human Fertility." . . .

JONATHAN MACY, aged 13, avers that a psychiatrist he knows recommends milk of amnesia to his patients. . . . Wayne Lorimer, 15, is convinced that when Macbeth caught sight of Birnam Wood advancing from Dunsinane he quavered, "Cheese it, the copse." . . . A pertinent remark by Britain's prime minister, Viscount Palmerston, at the time of the Crimean War in 1854: "Russia will expand just as far as the timidity and indifference of neighboring states permit." . . . And T. M. Pearce, of the University of New Mexico, came across this bit of dialogue in Act 2 of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra":

> Antony: Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
> Enorbarbus: That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
> Antony: You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
> Enobarbus: Go to, then; your considerate stone.

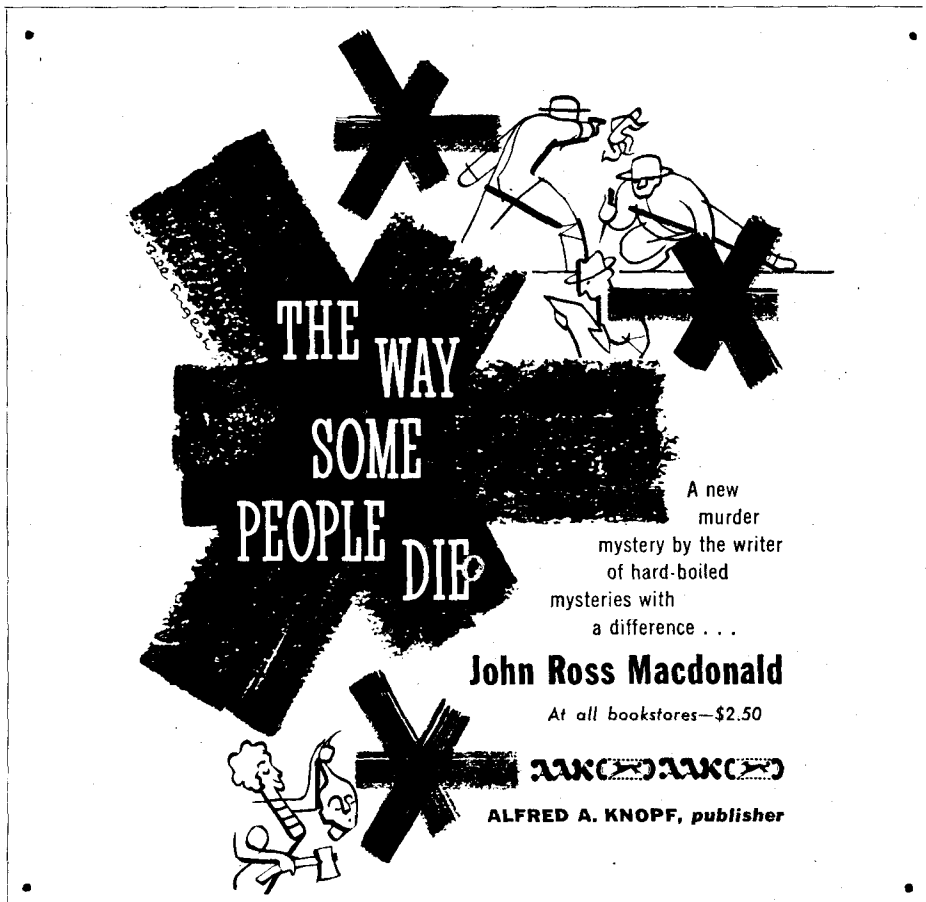
Good dialogue never dies. . . .

SOUTHERN WRITERS. . . . Fanny Butcher visited Oxford, Mississippi, recently, and though William Faulkner was off discussing his new play (based on his forthcoming novel, "Requiem for a Nun") in New York, his brother John was very much on tap. John is 54, reports Fanny, with a twinkle in his eye and optimistic about the novel Gold Seal is bringing out as an original at two bits. When he pointed out the house next door to his own, just off the campus of "Ole Miss," where the father of the Faulkner boys once was treasurer, John commented, "Stark Young was born here." Fanny said, "What a lot of major writers come from this state." John agreed and added, "It's possible we write more books than we read in Mississippi!" . . . The Greensboro [N. C.] *Daily News* recalls Tom Wolfe's undergraduate

days at Chapel Hill when he edited a burlesque edition of the *Tar Heel*. He carried a picture of a co-ed locked in embrace with a boy, and though there was no caption both boy and girl were identifiable by the townsfolk and student body. The girl's father promptly strode up to Tom's desk and announced, "I'm going to sue you." "You can't," said Tom. "Why can't I?" roared the father. "Because," said Tom, rising from his seat to his full, imposing height of six feet, five inches, "I am a minor." . . . Don Lindsay writes about an avant-garde novelist from the French Quarter of New Orleans who rushed to a psychiatrist with his hand pressed tight against his face and moaned, "Doctor my nose fell off!" "Relax," ordered the doctor. "Last week you told me your ears fell off." "But my nose really did fall off," declared the novelist, "*and here it is!*" He reached into his pocket and deposited an object on the doctor's desk. "Forget it," scoffed the doctor. "This is a cigar butt." The writer refused to be consoled. "It is?" he cried, horrified. "Don't tell me I smoked my nose!" . . .

WHEN MOSS HART was in England he came across a rare bit of British humor. An actor by the name of Richard Norton was directing a motion picture in a studio outside London and, since he demanded the very best from his troupe and shot many scenes again and again, was not particularly popular on the lot. Halfway through the picture he inherited the title of Lord Grantley, an honor which he seemed to take in stride. One morning in the washroom, he discovered that some churlish fellow had chalked on the wall "Dick Norton is a low-down blankety blank blank." He eyed the inscription with extreme distaste, crossed out the "Dick Norton" and substituted "Lord Grantley." It now read "Lord Grantley is a low-down blankety blank blank." Obviously satisfied and in fine fettle, His Lordship returned to the direction of his picture.

—Bennett Cerf.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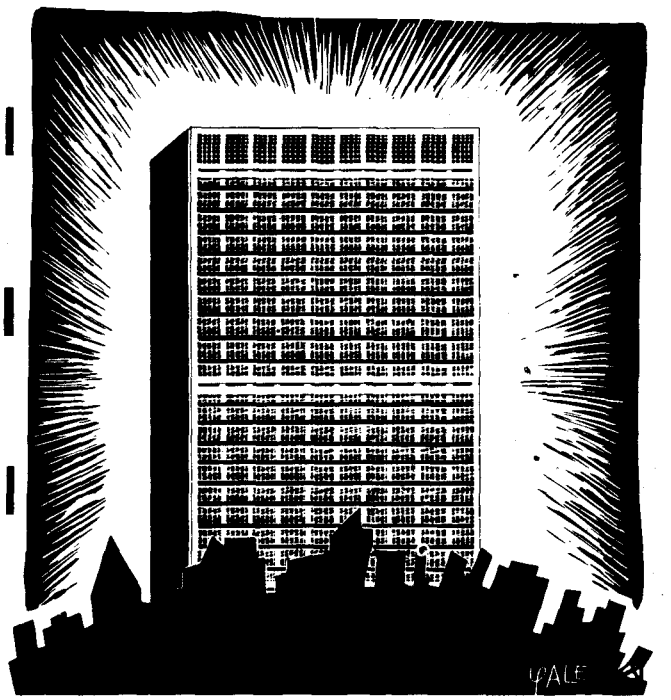
The Saturday Review of Literature

Sermons of Self-Destruction



PETER VIERECK

—*Eric Stahlberg.*
Peter Viereck

THE SOVIET threat to the West is the most important political fact of our day. Yet many hearts — and even heads — in America, Europe, and India are still crammed with neutralist or even fellow-traveler sentiments. Why? And with what arguments can an American abroad or at home answer them? In that connection, I should like to propose and attempt to answer four questions.

1. How can fellow-traveling and neutralism still be so influential today? Because the United States is pictured as the land of lynchings and "hysteria."

2. What motivates such non-Communist dupes of Communism? Not love of Soviet despotism, but hate of fascist despotism and of American babbittry.

3. What are the chief organs of "softness" towards the Soviet among American and European non-Communist intellectuals? *The Nation* in New York and *The New Statesman* in London.

4. What current literary explosion is a catalyst forcing waverers finally to choose between all-out anti-Stalinism and a new "treason of the clerks"? *The Nation* libel suit against its own former art editor, Clement Greenberg, for protesting its alleged pro-Soviet bias.

Let us consider these four "theses" in detail. The ensuing soul-searching and free debate may produce some small increase of lucidity and good will in a muddled and ill-tempered atmosphere.

For any *serious* crusader against the neutralist opiate and the fellow-traveler poison America's anti-Communism must logically be accompanied by its democratic correlative: a rebirth of the anti-fascist spirit, not as pious lip-service only but as an inspiring foreign policy. Thereby we shall overcome the distrust of Europe's finest: the veterans of the anti-Nazi underground. A *serious* anti-Communism (as opposed to a merely demagogic headline-hunting, pseudo-anti-Communism) means no coddling of Nazi war-criminals by our drugstore Machiavellis and a withering contempt for that crew of Falangists, Vichyites, and German collaborationists who now have the impertinence to offer themselves to our great democratic Atlantic union as "allies against Communism." Self-interest and ethics unite to say: only those who resisted the Hitlerite murderers, not those who appeased them, have the spunk and spirit to smash the Communist murderers today.

Thoughtful Americans rightly abhor the McCarthyism and intolerance of our yellow journalists. Freedom requires two fronts, at home and abroad. But freedom also requires a sense of proportion. The America-baiters in India, Paris, Rome, London, and at home equate the disproportionate misdeeds of America and Russia and then let them cancel out, thus insidiously conditioning their readers to semi-neutrality. The conditioned results are even *physical*, at least as metaphors: the evasively cynical eyebrow, the glibly defeatist shrug of the shoulder. But more far-sighted anti-fascists cannot evade the battle against Communism; they will never equate the many flaws of the capitalist West with the unequaled malignancy of Bolshevism, or with the unequaled menace of its Red Army.

OR ARE STALIN'S raging mass-murders and slave-labor camps not fascist but "progressive?" Two dozen years ago America had one single Sacco and Vanzetti case. Ever since millions of Americans have hung their heads in remorse. Rightly so. Yet what is one such case compared to the ten million martyred Saccos and Vanzettis today toiling in the Siberian terror camps? May my country never cease to denounce the lynchings, averaging perhaps one a year, occasionally wreaked by uncontrolled mobs in outlying provinces at home. Yet shall progressives at home, and America-baiters abroad, concentrate on this so exclusively that they stand silent before the thousands of annual government-controlled lynchings and frame-up trials in the Soviet satellites? Was Willie McGee more exclusively worthy of humanitarian tears than Vogeler, Cardinal Mindszenty, or Pitkov?

As a specific example of this false equating and its incalculable damage to the democratic cause, consider the widely-read London *New Statesman*. This is the most maliciously, subtly, and obsessively anti-American organ in the world today. This is the "Great Liberal Magazine" that had editorially urged surrender of the Sudetenland to Hitler long before Chamberlain's Munich Pact. Today it slanders and profanes the young Americans dying

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for U.N. collective security and for refusing to make another Munich Pact. For example, its issue of last January 20 featured some Pravdoid fiction by A. Baron, describing Americans in Korea as murderers, fascist-style racists, and aggressive imperialists.

If we go down, if 1984 is permitted to triumph in the 1950's, then let us at least know where the guilt lies. It lies not only in the aggressions of the Hitlers and Stalins. To some degree perhaps the fatal guilt lies also in the appeasement and in the exaggerations about "American imperialism" spread about by the influential *New Statesman* and by its New York ally, *The Nation*. Their tuggings at the pillars of their own temple are not true liberalism but the liberalism of suicide. (True liberalism and likewise true democratic Socialism are respected by true conservatives as incompatible with Soviet slavery.)

Recently *The New Statesman* unliberally refused to print a letter from Richard Strout refuting their anti-American slanders. At the same time it did print the following letter from that knight-errant of all East-West "peace" congresses, Konni Zilliacus. The Zilliacus document (May 26, 1951) is part of a broader European neutralist campaign. The campaign is directed against "choosing sides" between Russia and the West (as if the victims of Russian aggression have any "choice") and against the "aggressive" Atlantic Pact (a purely defensive pact). Zilliacus's letter, in space denied to Atlantic Pact liberals like Strout, urged appeasement via a Labor Party revolt against its anti-Soviet leadership. Zilliacus concluded: "We must . . . be prepared to go to the lengths of withdrawing our forces from the Far East, getting out of the Atlantic Pact, and sending the American air force home, if the U. S. will not agree with us on how to make peace." In effect, here is what this letter in *The New Statesman* is shouting to Kremlin policy-makers:

"Step forward—hurry, hurry—you Red aggressors and bomb my own beloved democratic England to death. We peace-loving non-Communist liberals are sending you our unmistakable invitation to invasion by removing that Atlantic Pact and that American air force which alone protect England and the West from certain total annihilation."

Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* distracted attention from the real menace, Nazi Germany, by the fake menace of the Elders of Zion. Is *The Nation* perhaps distracting attention from the real menace, Soviet Russia, by scaring its readers with the Elders of Rome? Anti-Semitism is the Socialism of the lowbrows. Catholic-baiting is the anti-Semitism of the highbrows. They forget that many Catholics, like the editors of *Commonweal* and Jacques Maritain, are bravely anti-Franco and that Catholics differ from each other politically as much as do Jews or Protestants.

Socialists use the German word "Lumpen-proletariat" ("bum" proletariat) to describe the fascist lowbrows at the bottom of the masses. Let us coin a new American word, "Lumpen-intellectuals," for the Stalinoid highbrows near the top of the literary and journalistic world. Who does not know them, with their dully daring "isms" that have all become "wasms"? Here are six earmarks of the true Lumpen-intellectual (habitat: the United States, Western Europe, and India; never found in the Soviet, since there he is either shot or joins the Party and becomes an Ilya Ehrenburg):

1. He is too pretentiously intellectual to be a Stalinist or read the unrespectable *Daily Worker*. Instead he is a Stalinoid and reads the respectable Red Dean of Canterbury.

2. Being -oid, not -ist, he calls himself neither anti-Communist nor pro-Communist but "non-Communist." Thereby he commits the *trahison des clercs*, evading deliberately the basic moral choice of this decade. Dante reserved a special circle of inferno for the lukewarm indifferent ones. There belong those who still defend neutralism and lukewarm non-Communism when the blood-soaked stones of Magadan, the Lubyanka, and Korea cry out for passionate moral commitment.

3. Like neurotics whose nervous tics prevent them from looking at certain real objects, so the Lumpen-intellectual obsessively avoids certain real subjects: the vast Russian aid eagerly rendered to Germany during the Hitler-Stalin pact; the purge of all Lenin's internationalist Marxist associates; the postwar Soviet anti-Semitic drive; the slave labor camps; the increasing class-lines and pay-differentials between Soviet rich and poor, so much greater than in the capitalist United States of America.

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Peace in Our Time."

4. He signs Soviet "peace" petitions against atomic war and flocks to fake "peace" conferences. Thereupon he calls any frank free discussion of this ruse "an attempt to suppress free discussion" and self-righteously baits "Red-baiters."

5. For the future or for his bad conscience he put himself on record as sometimes criticizing Russia — and then always adds "but." For example: "The trouble with Uncle Joe, just between us, is that occasionally he uses bad means, mighty bad means, for his wise, idealistic ends — BUT what about all those constant American lynchings?"

6. Being a power-worshipper, he won't vote for the insignificant American Communist Party. Often he never votes at all — are not "both war-monger parties really the same?" What he would like to vote for, he says, is a "healthy, grass-roots, Real American party of the Common Man." By that he means such independent grass-roots as the American "Labor" Party or the contemporary "Progressive" Party.

THIS IS the era of FEPCs and Fair Deals, the most un-reactionary era in American history. In such an era, *The Nation, The New Statesman,* and the Lumpen-intellectuals have a hard time finding an American reactionary menace to cancel out the Russian radical menace. Sometimes just when they have an American menace built up it collapses. Then the merry chase resumes: to find a bigger American menace. Two examples:

1. The dismissal of General MacArthur (whether justified or unjustified) was in one way a blow to the fellow-traveler world. *The New Statesman* depended desperately on MacArthur for its increasing circulation and influence. It had just built him up for British readers as the real ruler of America, a menace to equate with Stalin. Then suddenly MacArthur and his strategy were dismissed by the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff in a Great Debate such as is only possible in a very, very free country.

2. Another menace, built up to cancel out Soviet thought control, was

(Continued on page 39)

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Belles-Lettres. *Apparently no student of literary trends has gone to the trouble of tabulating figures as to the approach to their subjects currently most favored by his colleagues. Our guess is that the biographical attack continues to outstrip the purely critical quantitatively with the scholars. A tally of the new books reviewed at length this week suggests the trend: Witter Bynner's "Journey with Genius" (D. H. Lawrence), Vincent Brome's "H. G. Wells," Paul Fatout's "Ambrose Bierce," and Edward C. McAleer's collection of Browning letters, "Dearest Isa," are all based on the supposition that the more a reader knows about an author's life the more he is likely to understand his writing. On the other hand, Norman Nicholson's "H. G. Wells" and Albert J. Guerard's "André Gide" concentrate on analyses of the work of those writers. Walter Mehring's "The Lost Library" (below) is a book* sui generis, *an appreciation of nineteenth-century culture.*

Memories of a Literary Legacy

THE LOST LIBRARY. By Walter Mehring. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 290 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Pick

"THE last place where I felt at home was Vienna," this book begins.

> This was before Vienna fell, and I still was surrounded by all the books of my father's library. I cannot remember how often since the view outside my windows has changed—a view more than once obstructed by bars. But in Vienna I still had my legacy of books; they had been salvaged thanks to the Czechoslovak embassy in Berlin, and especially to the efforts of its attaché, Camill Hoffmann, who was a poet belonging to the cabalistic-minded Prague group which numbered among its members Werfel, Meyrink, Kafka, and Capek. Hoffmann was later burned alive in a crematorium.

The heritage of nineteenth-century thought as an imagined guarantee of stableness and security; the lot which, in reality, was to be that of the heirs of the patrimony; the underground means employed to counteract the lawlessness of the guardians of the laws; four writers of consequence, one genius among them; and in the end the great twentieth-century abomination—all the basic themes of Mr. Mehring's book are in this opening paragraph.

It is not easy to classify this volume. Its narrative evolves from fragments of memories which come to the narrator as, in his rented Vienna room, he unpacks the thousands of books once owned by his father. Yet this is not autobiography, or memoir. It offers the merest indications of Mr. Mehring's accomplishments as a German poet and Continental man of letters; and the tribulations which marked his exile's life are no more than alluded to in various passages. The stories he tells about people he met—great, near-great, and small—are as numerous as they are varied in their importance. His book's index is, among other things, a veritable Who's Who of European Bohemia and literary coffeehouse society between the wars. Experimental writers and artists and founders of ephemeral "isms" are mentioned side by side with a Proust, a Gide, or the impression a Conrad made on young Mehring.

There is no method to the whole of his work. It is confusing at times, and at others in danger of being called a little confused in its epigrammatic briefness; and the informality of the writing, which mixes dead-pan humor, or a kind of tongue-in-cheek nostalgia, with statements of evident great earnestness, is likely to mislead the reader further. But when all is said this volume is virtually a history of Continental twentieth-century ideas as seen through belles-lettres.

"A man," says Mr. Mehring, "may become as addicted to reading as to any other intoxicant."

> You reach for a book as you do for a drink, to escape the depressing banality of newspaper headlines . . . And there's nothing so good as a potent brew of well-aged pathos, preferably distilled in verse. At once you feel cleansed and ennobled. The trouble is you don't stick to the select vintage very long. And in reading as in drinking you incline to mix the cocktails stiffer and stiffer . . .

Whatever the results of such omnivorous reading habits may have been otherwise, they make for much of the charm of the present book. Mr. Mehring with judgment and wit discusses such forgotten, or nearly forgotten, authors as the eighteenth-century satirist Georg Christian Lichtenberg, or the "obscene mystic" Péladan, or A. Sacher-Masoch, or the vagabond Peter Hille, or the poet Theodor Daübler (who, "in my father's darkened study, conjured up improvised ghost stories, while Rainer Maria Rilke, sitting like a specter himself, watched through his lorgnette"). Or he quotes, by the score, from "cultural curiosities" such as Maurice Joly's brilliant anti-Napoleon III booklet from which a plagiarizer in the pay of the Czarist secret police later culled the notorious "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion," or a seventeenth-century memoir of an excommunicated nun, nymphomaniac, and stockmarket swindler, given him by no other than the constantly furious eschatologist, Léon Bloy.

But how does such obvious delight in the picturesque, the eccentric, the aberrant—in everything done at least *pour épater le bourgeois*—fit into a study of intellectual twentieth-century trends?

In a manner of speaking, Mr. Mehring's book is an extended dialogue with the ghost of his father. To Mehring *père* the printed word was the messenger of enlightenment, the safeguard of reason. He was a Kantian and a "freethinker," a follower of Darwin, Spencer, and Haeckel. He never was shaken in his trust in technological advance, progress, and the "irrefutable truth" of science. He was a foe of tyranny, a German patriot on a roseate 1848 model. But had not Marx been one of those Forty-eighters? Well—

> My father would have wished to sleep away a hundred years . . . to awake [in the year] 2000, after the successful operation of the economic cancer of society . . . His image of revolution was an artistic one—the full-bosomed romantic abandon

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of Delacroix's women—and he longed for it to take place under the tricolor of France.

For Herr Mehring, Sr., was a lover of France, though he had never been there. "The soul of a nation is expressed in its literature," he would say; and the "powers of darkness" which, around the turn of the century made their first European reappearance in, of all places, France could not dispirit his infatuation.

He had what he called a "poison cupboard" in his library—shelves on which there stood books that might have made him perceive "stirrings of delusions" he long had thought buried "in the graveyard of the Middle Ages." His son was to experience their resurrection—an obscurantist revolt against the smug rationalism of his father's generation which, in the prophetic words of Jakob Burckhardt, was to "shift [conditions in Europe] overnight to a state of rapid decay."

The part which books played in that process is very great indeed; and comparatively greater still, and more

surprising, is the rôle played by those eccentric writers who occupy so conspicuous a place in Mr. Mehring's notes—those toyful, precious haters of accepted values and liberal nineteenth-century illusions, those fanciful lovers of violence and savagery, who performed under the eyes of a morbidly fascinated upper-crust public: the Dadaists, or a Marinetti, or an Isidore Ducasse, to name but a few. Their spiritual ancestry can be traced far back beyond the day when Herr Mehring, Sr., reading aloud from Kant, suddenly collapsed into the arms of his son, who thereupon had to take over his legacy. But that is another story.

THE AUTHOR: There were 4,500 volumes in the Berlin library of Sigmar Mehring, whose translations brought the work of Walt Whitman and the great English and French poets to German readers before World War I. But as his son Walter eluded Hitler's grasp, fleeing from Berlin to Vienna to Switzerland to France and finally to the United States during the Thirties, the library came to symbolize something far greater than the sum of its component volumes—the heritage of European nineteenth-century culture, of faith in permanent, ever-increasing enlightenment and progress. He lost one draft of a book he wrote about the library during an escape from Paris to Marseilles; since his rescue from a French concentration camp by an American refugee committee ten years ago he has written several other drafts. The last, written virtually in collaboration with his translators, Richard and Clara Winston, emerges between covers as "The Lost Library." Today tiny, courtly, fifty-five-year-old Walter Mehring lives in New York City with his French-born painter wife, dreaming of the time his writing will make it possible for him to settle permanently on a farm in New England, preferably Vermont. He has been writing ceaselessly ever since he completed his study of art history at the universities of Berlin and Munich. For twelve years before Hitler's advent he served four German magazines as foreign correspondent and art critic at Paris. Thus far his publications total twenty-six, including four novels with a historical background and nine volumes of verse that won him the appellation of "the twentieth-century Heine" and the honor of having his books burned by the Nazis. His latest collection of poetry, extolling the beauties of America, has just been published in Germany. He has been back to Europe twice since the war, but what he saw convinced him that his future lies in the United States, of which he is ebulliently fond. He doubts that there will ever again be libraries like his father's in Germany: the best collections perished in the bombings and life is now too grim to permit extensive book-buying. Most American apartments and homes are too small to house sizable collections; but, Mr. Mehring points out, virtually every American town has a good public library, another reason he likes his adopted land. He is delighted by the response already accorded his book, especially the many fan letters from readers who met him through his father's lost library. —R. W., Jr.

Details on Greatness

JOURNEY WITH GENIUS: Recollections and Reflections Concerning the D. H. Lawrences. By Witter Bynner. New York: The John Day Co. 361 pp. $4.

By PAUL HORGAN

SINCE NO MODERN WRITER has been more fully documented than D. H. Lawrence, readers may take notice of this new book about him and cry, "Not another!" But let them at once be advised that this is the most persuasive, penetrating, and literate of them all. It is so absorbing that the reader goes from one to another of its forty-nine brief chapters asking, "What happened next?"—a question answered each time by Mr. Bynner with remarkable animation and sharpness of detail. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence and the other persons about them walk these pages with vitality and speak their souls with candor. Straight from the real life which Mr. Bynner knew intimately with the Lawrences in Mexico and elsewhere, scene after scene is played before our eyes with all the dramatic power of first-class fiction or theatre. What is enacted is sometimes humiliating to witness, or infuriating, or saddening; but it always rings true, where many earlier accounts of the same literary circles have at times, because of various bridling indignations and allegiances, seemed untrustworthy.

For the first time, it seems to me, the essential humanity of Lawrence is searched out and made plain in Mr. Bynner's book. All the rest of it is there also, and presented with brilliance — Lawrence the low-comedy genius, the spiritual bully, the pagan snob of an inverted priggism, the prophet of much pseudo-mystical claptrap. Though much of this comes alive here with new hilarity, if this were all, we should recognize, sigh, and forget. But here also is Mrs. Lawrence, in a full-length portrait that brings the first justice to her grand compassion and wisdom amidst the trials, and, yes, the rewards, of her life with Lawrence. Here is Lawrence himself in sudden moments of untormented gentleness. Here a discussion of his works is integrated with the acts of his life—a critical approach so necessary in any biography of a writer who, disdaining literary discipline, wrote off the top of his head. And most valuable, here, through Mr. Bynner's artistry of spirit and craft, is a resolution of all the quarreling elements in Lawrence as artist and man, friend and husband, into a poignant dignity at the end; and

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we know once again through a work of art the power of compunction and its call upon our charity.

The book progresses through four general movements, beginning with experiences in Mexico out of which emerges a portrait of Lawrence as a creature of grotesque beliefs and behavior. But an inkling of his fallible yet powerful humanity comes to us in the next chapters, when Mrs. Lawrence leaves him in the United States as she returns to England to see her children by her first marriage. There follows a more or less systematic journey through his unorganized ideas and books, in which he so often confused his spiritual limitations with virtues, as for example in the sad vulgarity and ignorance of his attitude toward Christianity and the Church. It is disheartening that Mr. Bynner seems so often to share the same attitude. But lastly, as the fitful fever draws to its end, we see Lawrence pathetically delivered of all postures but that of the dignity becoming to human life, and we hear his widow say in accents of revelation, "I still feel as if for years I had looked into a terribly strong light and now I'm dazed."

It is a moving experience given to us here to progress through the disorderly and fear-ridden life of such a man, from what on first acquaintance seem like irredeemable absurdity and malice, to deeper knowledge of him that yields in the end another true glimpse into the complex nature of man. With so much talent, so much energy, so much zeal, Lawrence lacked one gift that might have helped to bring all his others into focus, and lend warmth to his light, and color to his outline. It was one which his present biographer, possessing it in abundance, used with honest effectiveness. It was humor.

If Lawrence should come to have an interest for posterity like Shelley or Byron, then Mr. Bynner's book will be as classically indispensable as Trelawney's recollections. This is a literary study of the greatest interest, written in rich prose of extraordinary clarity. In a period when many fashionable writers have struggled under a self-imposed poverty of expression, it is a joy to read a contemporary style that respects the full resources of the Anglo-American tongue, and that sustains itself by an impeccable rhetorical structure. The text is accompanied by portraits in photograph and caricature (most of them by the author), and an index.

Paul Horgan, novelist and historian, is at work on a history of the Rio Grande for the Rivers of America Series.

—*Portrait by Henriette Wyeth.*

Witter Bynner—"artistry of spirit and craft."

Two Views of a Varied Career

H. G. WELLS. By Vincent Brome. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 255 pp. $3.75.

H. G. WELLS. By Norman Nicholson. Denver: Alan Swallow. 98 pp. $2.

By MILTON CRANE

SO DIFFERENT are these two studies of H. G. Wells that one might almost suppose them to deal with two different men. Vincent Brome's biography is a lively, gossipy account of Wells the man, complete with analyses of his two marriages and his innumerable love affairs, but curiously unsuccessful in its attempt to establish some significant relationship between Wells the lover, politician, publicist, and journalist and Wells the novelist. Norman Nicholson's little book—the latest volume in the attractive English Novelists Series—goes to the other extreme, over-helpfully establishing categories for Wells's novels and fitting each novel into its little coffin, but rarely suggesting that these books were produced by a remarkable man who was more concerned with world problems than with his ultimate place in the history of the English novel.

Mr. Brome's book is based to a great extent on Wells's "Experiment in Autobiography" which, five years after its author's death, remains the most generally satisfactory and informative work on the subject. Mr. Brome retells the story, somewhat more briskly and less interestingly than Wells himself tells it, of the writer's early years: the pathetic apprenticeships to drapers and a pharmacist, life as a student assistant and as a worshipful disciple of T. H. Huxley, his beginnings as a Socialist and as a writer. Chapter Five introduces Isabel, Wells's first wife, and starts Wells on his long and eventful amorous history. For within the space of three years Wells had married Isabel, lost interest in her, and eloped with Catherine Robbins, who was to be his second wife.

All this Mr. Brome reconstructs more or less plausibly. In contrast, he does little to explain how the enthusiastic young Bachelor of Science, stimulated by the great Huxley's teaching and by his own first essays in popular science, wrote "The Time Machine" and emerged as our first important mythographer of science. What we are given instead is a description of the unhappy circumstances of Wells's and Catherine's life in rooms at Sevenoaks, a few quotations from "The Time Machine," and the statement: "Somehow, in all the confusions of the next few weeks 'The Time Machine' (1894) was finished. . . ."

In much the same fashion we are taken on a conducted tour of the other scientific romances ("How Wells worked in those early years . . ."). And the obscure, poverty-stricken young teacher suddenly commands, by 1896, an income of £1,056 7s. 9d., having tripled his earnings since 1893. But as for the stories and novels which accounted for this startling change in his

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fortunes, the biographer tells us only that Wells differed from Jules Verne and resembled Apuleius and Lucian in that he "was never just the story-teller . . ." and that "every book had its message."

Once Wells has become embroiled with the Fabians and has begun to issue his various prescriptions for Utopia, the proper form of religion (or, later, the necessity for throwing off the shackles of religion), the World State, etc., Mr. Brome, except for a brief chapter entitled "The Novelist" ("Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "The History of Mr. Polly," "Ann Veronica," and "The New Machiavelli"), abandons Wells the artist altogether. One might make a good case for regarding Wells as primarily the great popularizer, spreading the imagination-quickening potentialities of modern science through his fantasies, simplifying history and economics in "The Outline of History" and "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind." But Mr. Brome is content to state Well's success and his impact on the general reader rather than to account in any significant way for the specific phenomenon of Wells.

Mr. Brome's mature judgment is that Wells mistook his vocation, overlaying his native artistic temperament with scientific training, and that, after 1920, the novelist in Wells ceased to be. It may, indeed, be so, although "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" and "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" continue to have their admirers; but was it the scientist or the popularizer and educator who produced "The Open Conspiracy," "The Science of Life," and all those other lay sermons that Wells read to the world between 1920 and 1945?

Mr. Nicholson's study of Wells has the great merit of offering a fairly comprehensive account of the novels and other writings. Wells is, for him, first of all the novelist, although "only an artist by accident" who had no sense of form or style. The works are divided into three main groups: the scientific romances, the comedies, and the discussion novels, the later works being lumped together in a final chapter. Mr. Nicholson not surprisingly gives the prize to the comedies: "Kipps," "Mr. Polly," "Tono-Bungay," and "Love and Mr. Lewisham." His valid, although not strikingly useful, categories systematically extract from Wells's novels the boisterous life that informs them, that life which Mr. Brome found in the man but not in the work.

Milton Crane is assistant professor of English at the University of Chicago.

Biography of a Journalist

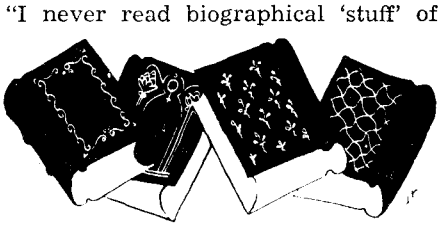
AMBROSE BIERCE: The Devil's Lexicographer. By Paul Fatout. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 349 pp. $4.

By C. Hartley Grattan

THE YEAR 1929 was the banner year for books about Ambrose Bierce. It was the year in which Carey McWilliams, Adolphe Danziger de Castro, Walter Neale, Vincent Starrett, and this reviewer all published their several kinds of books about him. Although the air was then full of rumors of others to come, they failed to materialize. I suspect that the McWilliams biography looked too much like the "definite life" to tempt immediate competition and that the spate of discussion twenty-two years ago resulted in such an accurate assessment of Bierce as a writer that any book-length study seemed superfluous. At any rate, the Bierce question was long thereafter confined to magazine articles, portions of books of larger focus, reprints of his writings, and pious salutes to his memory in fine printings of limited circulation.

Now Professor Paul Fatout of Purdue University has brought out a new life, correcting McWilliams's slips, catching up and supplementing the research of the last twenty years, and expounding a thesis about the man Bierce which is persuasive but not necessarily finally convincing. Professor Fatout is rather farther this side of idolatry than McWilliams managed to be and he is not, like Danziger de Castro, trying to establish a version of a stormy relation with his subject, nor like Neale concerned with providing a build-up for a fellow aristocrat. Dr. Fatout sees Bierce plain and seeks only to make an accurate record of his doings. This, I think, he does and he puts his report in lively prose. Anybody wanting to know the facts about Bierce's life can be thoroughly satisfied with the Fatout and McWilliams books. Nobody else has much of significance to offer on this score that one or the other does not incorporate.

It is highly amusing that so much energy has gone into reconstructing Bierce's story. He himself remarked, "I never read biographical 'stuff' of other writers—and think it beside the question. Moreover, it is distinctly mischievous to letters. It throws no light on one's work, but on the contrary 'darkens counsel.'" Does it; or was Bierce simply trying to divert attention from facts about himself he preferred to keep "dark"? I think it was the latter.



Professor Fatout believes that what Bierce sought especially to cover up, namely his early personal history—not his "antecedents" as the old purists would have remarked—contains the key to the man and the writer. He argues that Bierce was an unloved last surviving child (but are not youngest children often excessively loved?) who rejected his stern Calvinistic upbringing intellectually but was victimized by it emotionally all his life long. The child was, with a vengeance, father of the man. Regard Bierce the child and know Bierce the man. Professor Fatout cleverly exploits his thesis, using it to make sense of the well-known Biercean ambivalence—the emancipated mind whose emotions persuaded him to say that Anthony Comstock was essentially right about the nude in art and life.

Professor Fatout does not, however, change the critical picture of Bierce. However explained, he remains the superlative journalist, culture-starved but of exceptional keenness of mind, no poet (or critic of poetry), writer of a handful of memorable tales of specialized but valuable kinds (though as a critic of fiction painfully limited), an occasionally masterful breaker of heads and intellectual fatuities, but all too often a slapper of gnats. Well worth remembering, to be sure, rightful claimant of a secure place in the American record, but not a worthy idol of a cult (if *any* writer ever is). Oddly, alas, Bierce cannot yet be sure of the cautiously defined recognition here granted him, in which Professor Fatout appears to concur. It will come.

His fame, after all, rings out in every zone. The Australians had a chap who called himself Ragnar Redbeard who was, some said, Ambrose Bierce in disguise. He wasn't, of course, but the suspicion was an odd tribute to the protean Bierce.

(P.S. to the publisher: Why did you bind this book in yellow cloth that is bound quickly to soil on anybody's shelf?)

C. Hartley Grattan is author of "Bitter Bierce," a critical study.

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Friend of the Family

DEAREST ISA: Robert Browning's Letters to Isabella Blagden. Edited and with an introduction by Edward C. McAleer. Austin: University of Texas Press. 387 *pp.* $5.

By Frances Winwar

NEXT TO THE correspondence between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett before their marriage, Browning's letters to Isabella Blagden are perhaps the most important biographical source, especially for the decade following Mrs. Browning's death. There are 154 letters by Browning to Miss Blagden known to be in existence, the greater part of them in the Browning Collection of Baylor University. The rest are distributed among other university libraries, the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, the British Museum, the Biblioteca Nazionale of Florence, and various private collectors. Dr. Edward C. McAleer has now brought them together in "Dearest Isa."

Although most of the letters had already been published, the collection by its importance demanded exhaustive and authoritative editing. Dr. McAleer has applied himself to the task with devotion. Not only has he tracked down the original letters both here and abroad, but he has also corrected the errors of previous editors and furnished the fullest and most readable footnotes it has been the privilege of this reviewer to enjoy. Names which so far had been merely names are given local habitation and personality. Obscure allusions are clarified by fact. Individuals — like Wilson the maid, who fades away after her part in the Browning secret marriage and emerges again in an account of her rather sad, neglected later years, American friends of the Brownings, Italian patriots, English men and women of letters, famous and not so famous acquaintances—are all made vivid by an unpretentious yet creative scholarship.

The Brownings met Isa (short for Isabella) not long after she settled in Florence in 1849, when she was about thirty-three. Her origin is still obscure. She was one of those single women, still abundant in Italy, who make a minuscule income support them capitally, especially when they can eke it out by engaging in polite literature. The two Brownings were captivated by her as were the other Florentines-by-adoption who used to call on her in her delightful villa.

The letters between 1850 and 1861 were often written to Isa by both Browning and his wife. The most interesting, however, are those which Browning wrote to Isa once a month after the death of his wife and until Isa's in January 1873. In a sense a letter is the collaboration of the writer and the recipient. Since between the minds of Elizabeth Barrett and Isa Blagden lay the gulf of Mrs. Browning's genius, this later correspondence cannot match the love letters. It is the casual, informative, affectionate outpouring of a man whose heart, as he admitted, lay buried in his wife's grave in Florence and whose days were dedicated to her memory in his poetry and in the rearing of their son. It is a correspondence of friendship and friendship only, with reciprocal favors asked and granted. On Browning's part the requests included Isa's shipping to England the effects of Casa Guidi and of her overseeing the erection of the monument on Mrs. Browning's tomb. On Isa's part they were demands for a good word in the publisher's ear for her less than mediocre novels, which Browning dutifully praised—though, like Anthony Trollope, who performed the same services, he must have been tempted to exclaim: "My dear friend Miss Blagden is a plague . . ." She was loyal and useful to him while she lived, however, and of inestimable value to the world's knowledge of Browning by the continuity of the correspondence she inspired. In Dr. McAleer the letters have found a scholar whose thoroughness and care will make this, in all likelihood, the definitive edition.

Frances Winwar is the author of a number of literary biographies, including "The Immortal Lovers," an account of the Brownings.

Of One Genre Only

ANDRE GIDE. By Albert J. Guerard. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 263 *pp.* $4.

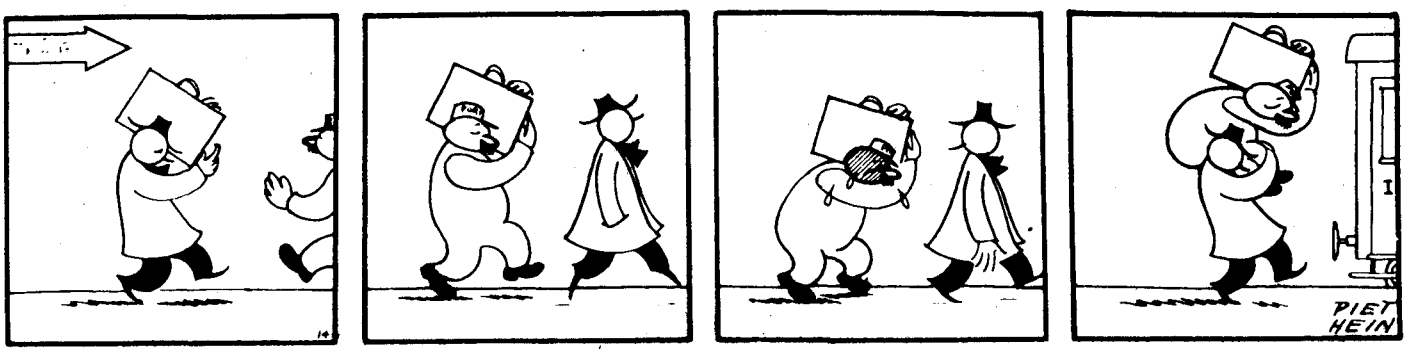
By Justin O'Brien

ANDRE GIDE never ceased preaching the value of an unprejudiced mind. Yet throughout his lifetime he suffered more than do most writers from the bias with which his commentators approached his work. In the English-speaking domain he fared no better than at home, having until now inspired here and in England a number of studies that were always slanted and generally misinformed. No one dared to approach Gide's complexity in a comprehensively sympathetic and yet critical spirit.

But now, only a few months after the great writer's death at the age of eighty-one, Albert J. Guerard, who obviously knows intimately the large body of work by and about his subject, presents a thoughtful and perceptive essay on Gide as a novelist. Though Gide is surely most widely appreciated throughout the world for his fiction, Mr. Guerard recognizes that the novels have been intelligently analyzed by but two French critics. Furthermore, his own earlier studies of Hardy and Conrad drew him particularly to this aspect of Gide. Accordingly, the critic devotes less attention here to the early *traités*, the *soties* (save for "Les Caves du Vatican" which he rightly treats as a novel), plays, essays, journals, etc., except as they throw light on the fiction. He has not attempted to do justice to any of the non-fictional works with the exception of the early "Voyage d'Urien," in which he discerns a precursor of surrealism and a sexual imagery that justifies the sometimes labored "psychologizing" for which Mr. Guerard has apologized in the preface.

Though unfair, in my opinion, to the crystalline "Porte Etroite" and "Symphonie Pastorale," which have long remained the favorites of many discerning readers, this treatment of

(*Continued on page* 31)



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American West. *In the 1790's it began at the Alleghenies, in the ante-bellum decades at the Mississippi, after the Civil War at the Rockies. About the only changeless thing about the American West is the state of mind—the promise of the future, the opportunity for romance and adventure, the freedom from restraints and restrictions—it symbolizes to denizens of older settlements along the Eastern seaboard as well as in Europe. In the half dozen notable books reviewed here the locale ranges from Kentucky to San Francisco, but in each case at the time depicted the setting was Western in the real sense. The general reader will take particular interest in Dr. Lewis J. Moorman's autobiographical account of life as a "Pioneer Doctor" in Oklahoma, in Marvin C. Ross's extraordinary collection of sketches in "The West of Alfred Jacob Miller," and in Idwal Jones's anecdote-crammed volume about a single group of Bay City buildings, "Ark of Empire."*

Lewis J. Moorman—"a family doctor."

Dedicated to Humane Ideals

PIONEER DOCTOR. By Lewis J. Moorman, M.D. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 252 pp. $3.75.

By FRANK G. SLAUGHTER

"WHAT has become of the good old-fashioned family doctor?" a friend asked the author of this colorful and interesting autobiography. "If you will find a good old-fashioned family," Dr. Moorman replied, "I will produce the doctor."

Although a world authority upon tuberculosis, a one-time dean of the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, and a former president, respectively, of the Southern Medical Association, the Oklahoma State Medical Association, and the American Tuberculosis Association, Dr. Lewis J. Moorman will always be a family doctor. Throughout this story of his experiences during a half century of medical practice shines the intense light of his personal conviction that the human being, whether drunken Indian, banker's son, or pioneer woman of the plains, is equally important with the disease.

Psychosomatic medicine has achieved official recognition and, perhaps, undue publicity during the past decade. But family doctors have been practising it at least since the time of Socrates, "who came back from the Thracian wars stating that Thracian physicians considered the influence of the mind over the body and he hoped Greek physicians would do likewise." Many a modern teacher of medicine has felt the same hope. As long as men like Dr. Moorman continue to teach and give the wealth of their experience and convictions about life to students and readers there is some hope that this ideal in medical education may be reached.

The Oklahoma Territory beckoned to the young and adventure-seeking man when Dr. Moorman was graduated from Louisville Medical College in 1901. July of that year found him with thousands of other hopefuls, attending the drawing for the last free land in El Reno. His description of those hectic days is colorful and interesting. One spin of the wheel might well have turned him into the proprietor of one of the valuable farms which were allotted in this virgin territory but his number did not come up, and fate sent him instead to take over a medical practice in the little town of Jet.

A man cannot drive for hours across starlit plains, listen to the song of birds in springtime, ford freshet-swollen rivers on horseback, and share hush-puppies with pioneer families in sod huts without becoming either philosopher or malcontent. The effect of such formative years as these upon a doctor's later career are shown beautifully here. A dying Virgil asked Augustus Caesar's court physician, "Is there any healing without magic?" Throughout the centuries hundreds of thousands of dedicated physicians have given the answer. For there is no healing without the magic of the physician's personality, his sympathy and understanding, his courage and his faith. Nowhere has this been better expressed than when Dr. Moorman says, "Good medicine rests upon a tripod—the patient, the physician, and God; left to their own resources, the patient and the physician usually find this relationship mutually helpful."

A move to Oklahoma City in 1907 and several years of postgraduate study in Vienna crystallized Dr. Moorman's interest in tuberculosis. The latter third of "Pioneer Doctor" is devoted to this interesting and protean disease and his experiences with it. Here is an unusual account of the influence of tuberculosis upon world history, through its effect upon the lives of important historical figures. Homer, Cicero, Seneca, Galen, and Marcus Aurelius all suffered from it, and the careers of Dr. John Hunter, William Withering (discoverer of digitalis), Cecil Rhodes, James Madison, and John Jay were markedly influenced by their having the disease. In 1940 Dr. Moorman published "Tuberculosis and Genius," an absorbing account of the relationship between tuberculosis and the intense emotional states which characterize genius.

"Pioneer Doctor" is the story of a full and dedicated life, a life which has witnessed great changes in medical science and in recent years a harkening back to the art of medicine, to which the author has always dedicated himself, whether on the plains of Oklahoma or the rostrum of an international conference on medical problems. Of his life, he can proudly say with Kipling:

God be thanked; whate'er came after,
I have lived and toiled with men.

Dr. Frank G. Slaughter is the author of a number of historical novels, including "The Stubborn Heart" and "The Divine Mistress." One of his most recent books is a biography, "Immortal Magyar: Semmelweis, Conqueror of Childbed Fever."

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Opening Up the Blue-Grass State

JAMES HARROD OF KENTUCKY. By Kathryn Harrod Mason. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 266 pp. $4.

By THOMAS D. CLARK

THE PERIOD in American frontier history from 1750-1790 is a fertile one for the biographer. Few of the major figures of this era have had good biographies written about them in spite of the fact that their times were exciting, they were colorful, and their records are in existence. Among these neglected figures was James Harrod, who played an important role in scouting along the Ohio and the settlement of Kentucky. In time his settlement, the first in Kentucky, was to become famous as a central base of frontier operation. It was at Harrod's Town that Virginia planted its feet firmly west of the mountains, and it was there that the first step was taken to force Judge Richard Henderson's rival Transylvania Colony out of existence. Harrod was a Pennsylvanian but his settlers were largely Virginians, and he cared nothing for the state rivalries which prevailed between Virginia and Pennsylvania. His interest was good land, and this he found in abundance on the rich plain south of the Kentucky River.

Harrod began his settlement in 1774 but his activities were interrupted by the outbreak of Dunmore's War, and it was not until the next year that he was actually able to make a permanent beginning. In early summer of that year George Rogers Clark reached the Harrod settlement from Pennsylvania and the upper Ohio country. Clark became interested in the possibilities of owning some of the rich land, the rivalry between Harrod's Town and Boonesboro, and Judge Henderson's intentions. Within a year he had developed a movement which was to dissolve the imperial dreams of the latter, and had set the settlers' feet on the road to ultimate statehood. Before this could occur, however, there was to be a bitter struggle to maintain the white man's foothold against the British and Indian raiders. For seven years the fight was to be an intensive one, in which a most impressive chapter in American pioneering was to be written.

Throughout the whole troubled period of the American Revolution and the arduous period of settling the new country James Harrod was an active figure. He was a natural leader of men, and he possessed real ability for the task which he performed. Harrod was not a brilliant military leader, nor did he display any noticeable political ability. He was a calm, trustworthy man on whom panic-stricken pioneers could depend when their very doors were beset by destruction. Harrod was never as exciting a figure as Daniel Boone, never as good a woodsman as Simon Kenton, nor the leader that Clark was, but, even so, he was as resourceful as they.

Kathryn Harrod Mason had a fit subject for her biography, but she has dealt with him in a less than definitive fashion. Covering a complex period of American history, the author succeeds in bringing not only James but William, Samuel, and all the other Harrods to the fore. She makes the mistake of trying to revolve the times around her subjects rather than modestly to submerge her subjects in their exciting backgrounds.

In placing a secondary figure of history in the midst of so complex a stage as the American frontier the biographer is apt to overemphasize his importance. In handling her details Mrs. Mason has failed frequently to tell her reader that she has gone from the specific to the general, and when the meticulous reader tries to check her facts he finds that perhaps she has not overshot her general history but she has perverted it by making it apply specifically to Harrod. A good example is her description of Harrod's wedding. Any frontier historian will recognize her account as being the one given by Joseph Doddridge in his famous "Notes" and certainly not as that of Harrod and Ann Coburn. There are other places where the author, though not in general error about what happened, is specifically so by trying to place her subject in the forefront of events.

Mrs. Mason writes with a charming style and she catches much of the spirit of the frontier. Her interpretation of the subject is somewhat akin to the modern musician's attempt to zip up an old folk tune with a little dash of swing. For her the frontier was a romantic place where the inert factor of geography was of little importance. She sometimes places towns at the wrong places; for instance, it will not help a Nashvillian's blood pressure much when he finds that his town is located on the Tennessee River. Nevertheless, the research in this volume was among good sources, and Mrs. Mason's footnotes indicate how far from lost a frontiersman like James Harrod really is to his generation.

The Louisiana University Press has done a splendid job of bookmaking. A considerable amount of pains and money was spent on the maps, which are so necessary to making a book of this type mean something to the reader. In publishing this volume the Southern Biography Series has entered both a new period and area of interest.

Thomas D. Clark is professor of history at the University of Kentucky. His books include "The Kentucky," in the Rivers of America Series, "Simon Kenton, Kentucky Scout," and "Pills, Petticoats, and Ploughs."

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Gold Rush Politics

A SELF-GOVERNING DOMINION: CALIFORNIA, 1849-1860. By William Henry Ellison. Berkeley: University of California Press. 335 *pp.* $4.50.

By Robert G. Cleland

THIS, THE FOURTH volume in the University of California Press's Chronicles of California, deals with the first eleven or twelve years of the state's political history, a period that began, thanks to the huge increase of population and the resultant confusion caused by the Gold Rush, with a government that was "part military and part civil and part no government at all" and ended with California's final acceptance of her destiny as a state in the American Union.

The central idea of the book is clearly expressed in the author's preface: "Throughout the Fifties the people of California, as a result of either their own efforts or the operation of historical forces, were a people unto themselves. In a broad sense the state sought to be, or by fortuitous circumstances came to be, a self-governing dominion."

In support of this thesis Professor Ellison reviews at some length such familiar subjects as the establishment of self-government in California, the work of the Constitutional Convention of 1849, the remarkable accomplishments of the first legislature (humorously but misleadingly called the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks"), California's admission to the Union, the supremely important and supremely complicated issue of land titles and land ownership, the tragic neglect and exploitation of the California Indians, the frequently proposed separation of Northern and Southern California, the popular administration of justice—or "Judge Lynch in the Mother Lode Country and in San Francisco"—the activities of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856 (which the author calls a "Businessman's Revolution"), the rivalry of Gwin and Broderick in the Fifties, and the factors that revived the old dream of a "Pacific Republic" on the eve of the Civil War.

The book reveals the author's comprehensive knowledge of government documents, the works of contemporary writers, and secondary authorities dealing with the period. He has consulted a few newspapers but made virtually no use of manuscript sources. Some of Professor Ellison's conclusions are open to debate, and one regrets that he failed to discuss such relevant items as the origin of the idea of the Pacific Republic, the grave and long-continued problem of law and order in Southern California, and the various filibustering movements that spawned so freely in the "Self-Governing Dominion" of California.

The volume as it stands, however, makes a very real contribution to our understanding of an important, frequently ignored, and sometimes grossly misinterpreted phase of California history. It is written in a clear, readable style and is printed by a press that knows how to make good books.

Robert G. Cleland, a member of the research staff of the Huntington Library, is the author of "California in Our Time," "California Pageant," and other books.

The Desert's Charm

THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 133 *pp.* $6.

By Oliver La Farge

MARY AUSTIN'S "The Land of Little Rain" is a minor but real classic which, in the last twenty years or so, sank into obscurity behind the changing vogue. No writer ever seems so *vieux jeu* as during the period of taste next following that in which he flourished; the next man's crest is for him the deepest hollow of the wave. In time, new periods arise always less antagonistic to the older ones, and good work rises again, oscillating gradually towards its permanent position.

That Mary Austin may be reaching the end of a long, dry cycle such as her deserts know so well is suggested by the present handsome republication of one of her earliest and finest books, reinforced and filled out by Ansell Adams's splendid photographs. I hope so. There may be moments when Miss Austin lingers a trifle too long over a trifle, she may be sometimes seduced by the recondite word or even the awkwardly coined one, or by distorted word-orders, all rather faults of her period, but by nature she was a vigorous, direct, compact, prose writer with the gift of telling simplicity. At its best her prose is timeless. And she has a great deal to say, as worth hearing now as when first she said it.

In "The Land of Little Rain" she took what is generally looked upon as the most God-forsaken desolation in the whole United States and revealed not only its beauty and power, but its intimacy and its charm. To enjoy the howling desert in detail and without discomfort, there is no method of travel as satisfactory as via this book.

It is years since I have read it. Rereading, I found it fresh and strong, and often genuinely exciting. I would point out, simply as samples of the best, the author's compact, economical treatment of the Pocket Hunter's strange experience with the mountain sheep, and her apparently casual but really artful treatment of the killing of Winnenap, the medicine man. Many writers would have been unable to resist the temptation to elaborate and spoil; very few could have achieved such perfect effects within so exact a compass.

Ansel Adams's photographs deserve discussion by a reviewer better qualified than I. Placed in a separate section, they do not annoy the reader when his mind's eye is busy making

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its own pictures from the text. They are not illustrations, but sensitively related to the spirit of the writing and genuinely complementary to the passages to which they refer. Mr. Adams was exactly the right person to make this addition to Miss Austin's words.

The introduction by Carl Van Doren is superior to most introductions. He has expressed a difficult thing well—the thing everyone who knew her felt in Miss Austin, that more even than a writer, she was a personality of great force. The personality informed her writing, perhaps also it limited it. She was almost two people in one, one might say. But it would be foolish to say further, stumblingly, when Mr. Van Doren has said it exactly and well.

The publishers have done a service in re-issuing "The Land of Little Rain" in so handsome a form and with such distinguished accoutrements.

Oliver La Farge, author of the Pulitzer Prize novel "Laughing Boy," has long been a resident of New Mexico, Mary Austin's country.

Art of the Frontier

THE WEST OF ALFRED JACOB MILLER. Notes by Alfred Jacob Miller and an account by Marvin C. Ross. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 200 pp. 200 illus. $10.

By J. Frank Dobie

IN 1837 Captain William Drummond Stewart was about to inherit Birnam Wood, Murthly Castle, a title, and other appurtenances to a great estate in Scotland. He had already made several expeditions across the plains of buffaloes and wild horses and into the Rockies of trapper rendezvous, Indians (comely young women as well as wild riders), grizzlies, clear waters, and everlasting vastness. All of this and more had become a part of his being. He desired to take what he could of it for keeping in his castle. On this climactic expedition his wagons hauled, as usual, port wine along with other comforts and necessities, but now an artist rode with the outfit.

Alfred Jacob Miller was his name. He was a native of Baltimore and had spent two of his twenty-six years studying art in Europe. His employer taught him how to stake a horse, to keep one eye open for Indians while he sketched, and the techniques of shooting and camping. He made sketches and painted in water colors

(*Continued on page* 33)

Fiction. *With the exception of Martha Foley's discriminating selection from magazine writing, "The Best American Short Stories of 1951," marked this year by the prevailing notes of confusion and despair, the fiction reviewed this week is entertaining rather than serious or morbid in intent. In "Swanson," Timothy Pember, an English novelist, provides an adroit satire of California academic life in the person of a placid professor of English who is unjustly jailed as a sex offender and who discovers after his fall from grace that there are varieties of human experience of which he has never dreamed. There is old-time Southern melodrama and folklore in Robert Ramsey's "The Mockingbird" observed through the eyes of a Tennessee boy of eighty years ago. Jean Matheson's "The Cistern and the Fountain" is the story of a group of eccentric and amusing Scotch people who live together in penurious elegance, valiantly breaking any law that inconveniences them in their progress toward futility, and showing a basic goodness of heart.*

At the Core of the Times

SWANSON. By Timothy Pember. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 280 pp. $3.

By Martin Levin

AT THE OUTSET, "Swanson" seems to be another tired British lampoon of the vulnerable Ameddicans—another glib tour-de-force à la "The Loved One." But after the first few chapters it becomes evident that Mr. Pember's observations are based on something more than a quick look at Times Square and Sunset Boulevard. There is corrosive satire in "Swanson" but not of the externals which strike the literary tourist. Though the locale of "Swanson" is California, no mention is made of the quaint burial customs of the natives, or of their fondness for nutburgers. Mr. Pember is not concerned with surface caricature but rather with the essentials of character and experience. And he manages to retain sufficient human sympathy to make the objects of his satire highly credible.

The namesake of Mr. Pember's novel is a professor of English at a California university. Until a crucial June afternoon, the tenor of his life has been reasonably placid. Then, through one of those farcical imbroglios that have delighted satirists since Fielding, he finds himself jailed as a sex offender on the complaint of an over-imaginative landlady. In sixty days he goes from belletrist to jailbird. Upon emerging from the county prison, ex-Professor Swanson finds that a number of familiar things have disappeared, including his career, his friends, and his social status. His attempts at regeneration seem about to result in a better life, when fate and his own limitations again collaborate to trap him.

Mr. Pember's compassion extends to the villains as well as to the hero of his piece. The department head who fires Swanson with regret but without hesitation, the trusted friend who greases the chute for his exit from the university: these worthies are delineated with genuine insight. Like Swanson himself, they are hemmed in by circumstance. The final note of hopelessness is all the more flattening because it depends on no one in particular, but stems from the nature of the world Mr. Pember has depicted.

This world has a duality in which the line of demarcation is drawn by Humphrey Swanson's fall from grace. Like one of Sherwood Anderson's foot-loose heroes, he leaves a milieu where his status is certain but circumscribed for one where he is freer to follow his instincts. One sphere is restricted by propriety and conventions; the other is moved only by the more fundamental human drives. In his new status, Swanson discovers several new kinds of human misery as well as a deeper variety of human experience.

Mr. Pember's talents are unusual in that they include both a facility for adroit satire and the ability to endow the commonplace with an almost lyrical quality. His descriptions of the skid-row existence that Swanson leads after he leaves the university again put one in mind of Anderson, both in their mellow tone and in their preoccupation with the virtues of simple people. Unlike most satirists, Mr. Pember has a story to tell rather than an axe to grind. In "Swanson," he has depicted the rocky progress through society of a man in search of his identity.

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Reflections of Fear

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1951. Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 366 pp. $3.75.

By WILLIAM PEDEN

"EVERYBODY'S scared now," comments the protagonist of one of the twenty-eight stories included in Miss Foley's annual collection of the "best" short fiction she has read. The remark applies equally well to all but a few of the characters in stories by such diverse authors as Tennessee Williams, Shirley Jackson, Oliver La Farge, Jean Stafford, and William Goyen. Always extremely sensitive to contemporary changes of moral, emotional, and political climate, this year's crop of short stories mirrors the fear and confusion of the sixth year since the end of World War II.

Miss Foley is an intelligent and honest editor. As such, her yearly volumes serve an admirable purpose. The short story is such a flexible literary form, however, that no one editor, critic, or writer is ever going to be able to satisfy every other one. Without quibbling over the questionable adjective "best," the stories that this reviewer liked the most are Shirley Jackson's "The Summer People," John Cheever's "The Season of Divorce," Jean Stafford's "The Nemesis," R. V. Cassill's "Larchmoor Is Not the World," Robie Macauley's "The Wishbone," J. F. Power's "Death of a Favorite," and Tennessee Williams's "The Resemblance Between a Violin Case and a Coffin." All seven of these authors have something significant to say concerning human relationships in an increasingly complex world; all are writers who bring a great deal of technical skill to their tasks; all, to this reviewer, appear to be men and women of integrity who respect both their characters and their readers. (Miss Jackson's alarming story of human fear and cruelty will probably be called a meretricious trick by some critics because of its shocking ending, but it is certainly one of the most memorable stories of recent years.)

This reviewer liked least Josephine Johnson's "The Mother's Story" (the only piece, by the way, from a "popular" magazine), a dull and obviously contrived pseudo-tragedy of a jilted heroine, and Ethel Lewis's "The Portrait," a florid and quite unconvincing bit of fluff about a mistreated serving woman and a melodramatic painter who seems to have wandered into the pages of the praiseworthy literary quarterly *Epoch* straight from the files of *Godey's Lady's Book*.

Almost all of Miss Foley's selections are characterized by literary competence and an admirable seriousness of intent. The collection, however, is something of a disappointment. Perhaps the general tone of quiet or not-so-quiet desperation which permeates most of the stories tends to reduce the immediate effect of each individual story and to subordinate the unit to the total effect of the mass. This is particularly true of the stories, somewhat fewer in number than usual, of hitherto unpublished writers. This collection, virtually alone among Miss Foley's annual volumes, fails to present at least one strikingly talented newcomer whose gifts immediately set the reader to speculating upon his future development. Perhaps a significant writer may emerge from the group of authors whose "first" stories are here reprinted; this, however, appears doubtful if these stories are at all representative.

As a final word or two for those interested in statistics, *The New Yorker* leads with six selections; *Mademoiselle* and *Epoch* are next with three each, followed by *Charm* with two; the remaining stories are taken from a variety of periodicals which consistently publish good fiction.

Manners and Morals

THE CISTERN AND THE FOUNTAIN. By Jean Matheson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 256 pp. $3.

By JAMES GRAY

THE SISTERHOOD of Jane, as the Jane Austen cult might be called, never can have too many adherents, and comparatively few are likely to aspire to membership. Many who start on the sunny pilgrimage that might lead to beatification as Janeites stop along the way to become members of the schismatic body to which Countess Russell gave her name along with the bright novels signed "Elizabeth."

Jean Matheson, a new novelist from Scotland, has all the prerequisites for enrollment in either branch: the completely feminine temperament, the discerning eye, the sensitive ear, the talent for writing fluent, humorous prose. In "The Cistern and the Fountain" she examines the lives of people who occupy an elegant Scottish version of the boardinghouse with the acumen of the eternal "old wife" who, in all essential respects, anticipated the wisdom of Freud. It is Miss Matheson's intention to reveal under the exterior of bland banality with which the average citizen faces his world the wildly pulsating heart of the murderer. Most of the wistful mild-mannered men and women who live at Mrs. Maudslie's house are either actual violators of laws or violators in their secret minds of the spirit of fundamental law. Yet they are gentle people in whom good overwhelms evil in the major contest.

To dramatize the problem of good and evil in terms of high comedy is a far from commonplace undertaking and Miss Matheson has brought it off with confidence, with verve, and with distinction of a kind. The disadvantages of so formal an enterprise must be obvious: it seems calculated, con-

Oliver La Farge, Tennessee Williams, William Goyen—"everybody's scared now."

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trived, and self-conscious. It might be said of Miss Matheson, as Philip Guedalla once said of someone else, that she has sold her birthright as impartial observer for a pot of message. The last page bears the news that God is in His heaven and that if only we would cooperate all might still be well with the world.

What makes "The Cistern and the Fountain" a superior piece of entertainment is the skill which the author shares with so many makers of otherwise quite ordinary British films, that of creating attractive human figures who, though they are not obtrusively eccentric, have quirks and oddities about them that give them memorable identity. They seem to run up the banner of individual integrity and to march under it with a resolution that demands respect along the absurd, tortuous, goalless paths of their lives.

Because she attempts to accomplish too much too self-consciously Jean Matheson cannot be said to be within very close sight of the serene perfection of Jane Austen. Because her persistent facetiousness about the human situation gets below the surface of discernment not infrequently she seems already to be a more interesting interpreter than Elizabeth ever became. Perhaps she will manage to set up in business with a nice little schism of her own. Her debut promises much.

Melodrama Mixed with Folklore

THE MOCKINGBIRD: By Robert Ramsey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 223 pp. $3.

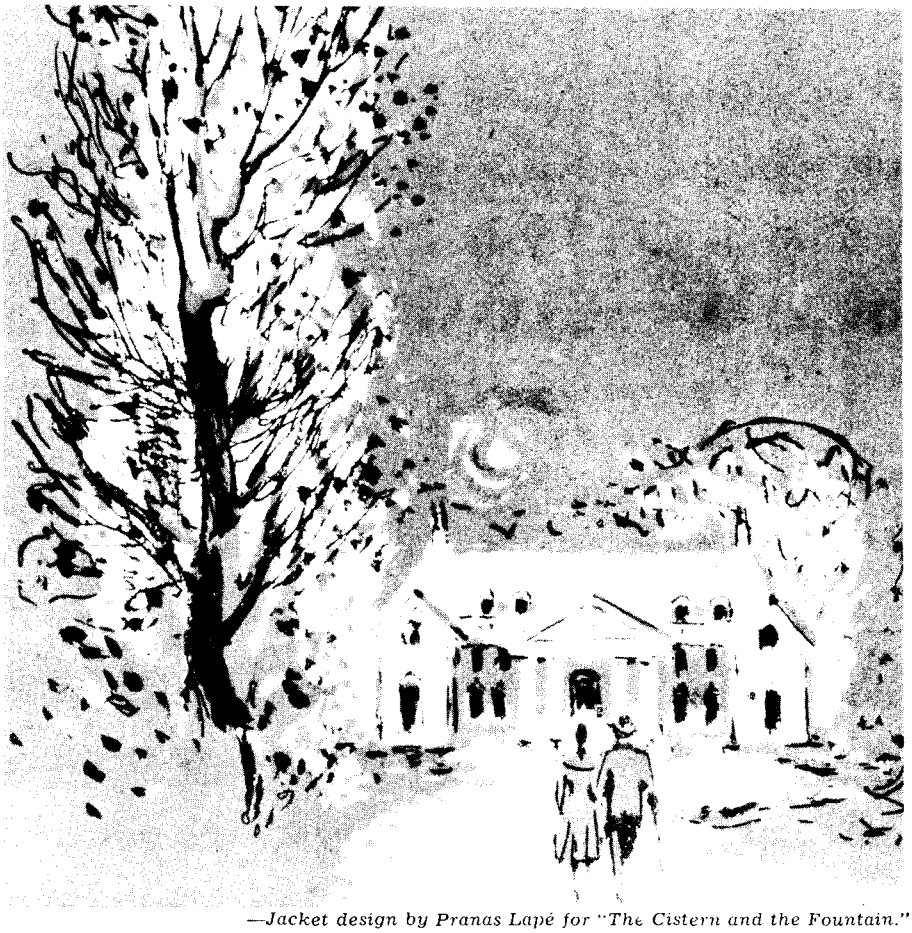
By Frances Gaither

"LAND-POOR" was a phrase and a condition common in the South after too many soldiers had come home to find their wide acres sprouting taxes and little else. Of course that was long before another soldier returning from another war began by his single diligence to wrest another sort of crop from the soil of his estate, which he called Yoknapatawpha. These are even better times. An article lately published in this magazine listed in Mississippi alone, besides the squire of Yoknapatawpha, a score of other laborers tilling busily in the nearby country. And now, over the stateline in Tennessee, novelist Robert Ramsey in "The Mockingbird" stakes out a section bounded on the west by the city with the Nile-born name and on the east, a half-day's drive away, by a wondrous summer resort called Wilson's Wells. If you care to explore this domain, be prepared to check your realism at the frontier. It would be only an impediment.

The time is the Eighties, an epoch when by the prevalent regional code—diagnosed somewhat superciliously by Mark Twain as the "Sir Walter disease"—a father had to keep finger on trigger to safeguard, or failing that to avenge, a daughter's honor; when cockfighting could be a sound, if secret, bond between a small boy and a Negro serving man, and folklore was dished out in every kitchen as freely as biscuit and molasses between meals. If in the night a mockingbird sang or a screech-owl screeched too near the house, the youngest child knew there was trouble coming.

Of course this is moonshine liquor, distilled from homegrown corn, but it has potency. If you prove susceptible to its spell, the people Mr. Ramsey evokes in the circle around David, the young narrator, will acquire for you a kind of reality—not that of the daylight, rational world, but rather of figures seen in a dream. They are: David's father, once a gallant soldier, now a cotton broker; a pretty governess, agreeably ready to read "Don Quixote" aloud to a small boy; his sister Drusilla, hell-bent on mischief by no means juvenile; black Loosh, so satisfactorily engrossed in game cocks, and Loosh's wife who tells David what the mockingbird is a sign of; Aunt Cissie, who wanders upstairs to pray and remains to tipple; and four-square Captain Shea, with whom David fortunately forms a man-to-man relationship just before the dark goings-on about him release catastrophe on his defenseless head.

If David, saddled with the responsibility of forays into the murky hinterlands of grown-up melodrama, at times tends somewhat embarrassingly to bog down there, he comes off creditably whenever he is a justifiable participant in the action, and especially at the end when he relates to Captain Shea only the matters he feels adequate to report, deleting with innate taste those he fears to know and cannot understand. Moreover, you will go a long way before you find a scene better built for a story-book climax than Wilson's Wells with its arches and spires and turrets and gargoyles, a construction as truly romantic as it is romantically true. If the "Sir Walter disease" must prove fatal—as in real life it too often did—where could the posturing puppets go through the last gloomy act so effectively as before just that monstrous backdrop?



—Jacket design by Pranas Lapė for "The Cistern and the Fountain."

Frances Gaither is the author of "Double Muscadine," "The Red Cock Crows," and other novels of Southern life.

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Vardis Fisher—"painstaking research."

Fiction Notes

THE VALLEY OF VISION. By Vardis Fisher. Abelard Press. $3.50. This somber, though absorbing, novel of King Solomon and his time is the sixth and concluding volume in the "Testament of Man" series. The author has based his materials upon "the highest authorities, departing from them in no matter on which they have spoken, except in their view of Solomon himself." His painstaking research is evident in the extraordinary background presented here of ancient Israel and her neighbors. Almost no detail of the strange and often terrible rituals practised by these superstition-bound people is omitted from the narrative.

It is a less stern, more human, portrait the author paints than the one that has come down to us in legend of that wise and unhappy king. Solomon's struggle to keep his people from returning to the barren life of the desert was forever thwarted by the fanatical prophet, Ahijah. His ambition to duplicate in Israel the splendors of Egypt was never realized although it cost him half his kingdom. The memory of his seizure of the throne remained a constant torment, as did the machinations of greedy wives, demons, and assassins. Only Khate, his Egyptian wife, and Ahiah, his scribe, could be trusted with the secrets of his troubled mind. Periodically there were feasts and women to satisfy his sensual needs. When he knew his dethronement was imminent Solomon admitted to his failure despite Khate's reassurance that his people would never return to the desert.

Although Solomon himself does not emerge from these pages as a truly unforgettable character, "The Valley of Vision" is nevertheless one of the best historical novels we have read in the past year.

—Joseph M. Grant.

THE GOLDEN HAMMOCK. By Laetitia Irwin. Little, Brown. $3. Mrs. Irwin looks back with love and longing to days beyond recall. Such "time was" novels cast a rosy glow, most especially when laid in the secure Southland. No decay, no lost cause bitterness mars this tale. Even the term "Yankee" can be tossed off as banter if such occasion arises.

The belle in this case is Sophonisba Douglas. At eight, as eldest of five children, she has assumed conventional responsibilities. At twenty-five, in the midst of World War I, we leave her bidding farewell to a beloved husband, happy as a mother herself.

The years between have seen her peruse education, manners, and charm as avenues to the altar. One older man makes advances; young man after young man, suitable or questionable, pays court to her. Finally, on the brink of shameful spinsterhood, she finds acceptable joy. Romances are interspersed with parties, period-piece properties, and juicy collateral scandals. Salty characters season the scene. The cast could do with a little pruning, with only a slight sacrifice of leisure.

Leisure remains the key to these oleander activities. Mrs. Irwin skillfully observes the minutiae of a Southern town, of a way of life, of a pattern of thought. She succeeds in creating a lost and a capacious comfort.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

BEGGARS MIGHT RIDE. By George Albert Glay. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. It is impossible to summarize Mr. Glay's novel without making it seem even more unreal and impoverished than it is. He has conceived his hero, Steve Marks, as a ruthless conqueror of men and women, riding everything down before him in his drive to power from the smallest of beginnings. This is a familiar figure in life and literature both, and generally a fascinating one. But one cannot take the reality and the fascination for granted on a mere statement of them; one cannot, in other words, wave a picture labelled "ruthless superman" before our eyes and expect us to slobber in excitement like Pavlov's dogs. Mr. Glay has treated us too lightly. Having defined his Steve Marks, he pushes him up the scale of triumph over the supine bodies of friends and women and competitors (he is a great lumberman, contractor, builder of empire, industrial hijacker) and then down again,

—*Goertz.*

George Albert Glay—"shreds and patches."

broken by a woman harder and crueller than he. There is no reason evident in his words or actions for his irresistible rise to power, nor any reason for his sudden and complete downfall. He is a creature of Mr. Glay's devising, made of shreds and patches, and not a powerful man in his own right. I don't believe in him at all, and could not, therefore, find any suspense or excitement in his history.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

THE GLITTERING SHORES. By Catherine Hubbell. Norton. $3. Philip Miles seemed to have everything, so an on-looker would have thought, which added up makes the glittering New York success story. His pretty and attractive mother, concentrating on him during the lean years after her divorce, had trained him to be a great deal more courteous, well-mannered, and considerate than most boys of his age. Her second marriage, to a rich and agreeable man, had loosed the silver cord just in time. Philip, trained as an engineer, had a partnership in a successful firm of architects; he had married an ambitious and able young woman, he had a much-loved son, and was himself good-looking, likable, a man with many friends and a pleasantly full life. But to Philip himself his existence, with all the obligations and commitments which it involved, had come to seem little more than a trap in which he turned and twisted, hopelessly caught. When he met Leonie Stevens again after many years—he had last seen her as a grubby little girl at a school friend's house, but now she was a glamorous and successful singer—the door of the trap appeared to open. Was it really freedom

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that beckoned? This is the question around which Catherine Hubbell has built her second novel of modern, sophisticated New York life. Philip Miles, his wife Helen, his charming mother, Mary Dexter, and all his friends, social acquaintances, and business associates are well-drawn, entirely believable characters; their problems, and the decisions which they must arrive at, are set forth with sympathy, and dramatic effectiveness. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

A TIME TO KILL. By Geoffrey Household. Little, Brown. $2.50. Once again spies and counterspies are abroad in the English countryside, and the hunt is up. Master of the Hunt Geoffrey Household is his usual adept and urbane self. With characteristic understatement of chilling dangers he leads us through Dorset and the marshes of Essex, even out into the murderous waters of the Portland Race and back among the abandoned quarries of the southern coast of England. Perhaps the chase—as inevitable a component of the Household hunt as it was once of the Mack Sennett comedy—is a little slow in getting started, but it always has its suspenseful elements and it winds up in a fine burst of speed.

Once more Colonel Roger Taine—whom Mr. Household introduced to American chase lovers little more than a month ago in "A Rough Shoot"—is the pursuer. This time he must thwart a particularly vile threat to the life of England. Unverified report from a former Fascist conspirator, also left over from "A Rough Shoot," has it that Communist agents have developed a virulent cattle tick. At any moment they may be about to spread hoof-and-mouth disease through the British herds and destroy the British food supply. Can Roger discover in time where the ticks are kept and save England? What of the refugee entomologist living so quietly on the outskirts of Bournemouth? And that writer chap who types away so diligently through the Bournemouth night?

With the aid of his former enemy Pink, reformed now and redoubtable as a character from Kipling, Roger does solve these problems and thwart the enemy. But not before the Russians have pulled a few nasty tricks of their own and piled up a number of pretty complications. And also not before we have had that aforementioned chase.

Mr. Household is not at his top form here. In fact, for this reader he has never regained the levels he reached with "Rogue Male." His characterization, always brisk, is here almost as slapdash as to amount to caricature. His plot jumps a number of obvious lacunae. His political attitudes are becoming increasingly insular and stuffy. Too, I found his attitude toward the character Pink unpleasantly compromising. But these are all secondary elements in a Household tale. The chase is the thing and Mr. Household's wind continues good.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE UNWANTED. By Dante Arfelli. Translated by Frances Frenaye. Scribner. $2.75. Here is another young Italian novelist of remarkable promise. His novel, told with an economy that occasionally betrays the self-consciousness of the beginner, is all about a young army veteran who comes to Rome from his impoverished village looking for a job, some sort of career, connections (political or otherwise), and chiefly for a stroke of good luck apt to extricate him from misery and loneliness. He succeeds in none of these pursuits. Instead, he finds love. The very night of his arrival in town, he is picked up by a young streetwalker—a semi-professional still—goes home with her, has an experience as disappointing to him as it is to the girl, and then stays in the place where she lives, as a boarder of her landlady. For the better part of a year Luca and Lidia remain strangers, nearly hostile, to each other. How then love springs up between them is hard to recount. Suffice it to say that no tale about pure love between innocent bourgeois teenagers could be more tender, more poignant, and in fact nobler, than this story about a prostitute and a not very bright nor very active boy who in the end comes close to being her pimp. The tragic ending of their hopes is not likely to leave any reader untouched. True, Lidia is not very far removed from the whore-with-the-golden-heart cliché; she is drawn with none of the detailed subtlety of Alberto Moravia's "Woman of Rome"; and at times, a touch of maudlin sentimentality threatens to push her psychology out of focus. But when all is said, Signor Arfelli makes the girl credible throughout. It is a pity he has inserted in his book a number of upper-class scenes attempting social satire. They are decidedly second-hand. They don't have editors in Italy; a young writer has to find his way himself. If my judgment does not play me false, this one will.

—ROBERT PICK.

—Jacket design by A. Ivancich for "The Unwanted."

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How to Praise an Author

ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

I HAD A LETTER not long ago from a magazine reader who liked an article I had written. Full of compliments, it was the kind any author is likely to get if he publishes often enough. He usually has *one* fan, even if she's a relative or the girl he nearly married in college.

On receiving it I once again had the thought I have almost every time I get such a letter; that is, about twice a year. Why, I wondered, didn't she write this to the editor, instead of to me? Or at least send him a carbon? Think of how much more good it would do! It'd boost me with the editor and prompt him to print more material of this caliber (high, of course).

Because I had thought about this so often before, I easily suppressed my conscience and decided to write my kindly correspondent, one Emilie Le Grand, and propose a procedure, hoping she would not think me too egotistic. So I composed a modest letter, as modest as possible under the circumstances. In it I pointed out that the fan mail an author receives, if addressed to the magazine or book publishing house, is simply re-addressed by a clerk in the mail room or the editorial offices, and the editor or publisher never really knows the extent to which his contributor has been effective. I tried to show my appreciation for the personal encouragement. I then suggested to Miss Le Grand that she write a letter to the editor of the magazine in which she had read my work. Other readers may wish to study my sample letters, several of which I framed and enclosed.

Although I didn't make a carbon copy of the letter to Miss Le Grand I remember one paragraph vividly:

> Put yourself in *my* place, Miss Le Grand. If you were an author wouldn't you like to have an editor **ask** *you* for more manuscripts?

One sample letter, I explained to her, might read something like this.

Mr. William Peel,
Editor, Pleasure Magazine,
New York

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed the article, "How to Control Artichokes while Eating

Them," by Roland Wolseley, in your March issue, so much that I'd like to propose a suitable reward for such good work.

Why don't you make him contributing editor, at a salary of say $10,000 a year, with the regular assignment of sampling rare foods in the restaurants of Istanbul, New York, Buenos Aires, and Paris, at your expense? Just a suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Emilie Le Grand

But, I told her, if she thought that a bit extreme, here was possibly a more reasonable suggestion:

Dear Sir:

As a regular reader and long-time subscriber of *Pleasure* I am aware that you must have great difficulty getting sufficient material of high caliber for your pages. I recently read—in the March issue, to be exact—an outstanding article by one Roland Wolseley. This piece about artichokes is so strikingly effective that I'd like to suggest that you try to persuade Mr. Wolseley to write an article for you each month. Thus you will be guaranteed top quality material at least from him. Just a suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Emilie Le Grand

I was afraid, however, that Miss Le Grand might think that insulting to the editor's judgment as well as to his other contributors (who might also think I put her up to writing the letter in the first place). So I told her it might be safer if she simply wrote:

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber to *Pleasure*, I have enjoyed very much the recent article by Roland Wolseley, who pleased many of your readers, I am sure, with his piece in the March issue about artichokes. I have cut out Mr. Wolseley's article with the intention of starting a scrapbook. However, this suggestion occurs to me: why not publish more of his work until you have enough for a book and then offer the book as a premium to new subscribers? I'm sure they'd enjoy it and I'd not have to bother, then, to compile my scrapbook. Just a suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Emilie Le Grand

That, I pointed out to her, was a little more subtle, at least. It showed that she valued my work and wanted to help the magazine succeed, too. And yet, it likewise seemed too unusual. So, after all, it might be best to write something else I suggested:

Dear Sir:

I liked Roland Wolseley's article on artichoke eating in the March number; let's have more pieces on foods by this brilliant writer. Just a suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Emilie Le Grand

After about a week I had a reply from Miss Le Grand. I opened it a bit nervously; this, after all, was my first attempt at this sort of writing. It was a long narrow envelope (the kind you take editor's checks out of) and it included a brief note to me, saying that she had written Bill Peel, of *Pleasure*, as I suggested, although she had altered my sample letters a bit. Here was a copy of her letter, which Miss Le Grand said she hoped I'd like. I unfolded the flimsy sheet with anticipation. This is what I read:

Mr. William Peel,
Editor, Pleasure Magazine,
New York

Dear Sir:

I want to write to say how much I enjoyed the article on "How to Control Artichokes while Eating Them" in the March issue and to compliment you for your increasing attention to food and its problems.

It has been suggested to me by Mr. Roland Wolseley, the author of your article, that you might be interested in more of the same. So I am writing to offer you some pieces of my own, one on unusual cucumber salads and the other on the use of anchovies as decoration and antacid. Both are herewith. Just a suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Emilie Le Grand

At least Miss Le Grand learned how to put herself in an author's place.

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Here and Now

YOUTH is to the fore at the moment in the news, and youth, alas, in unhappy plight. Basketball scandals, West Point disclosures, and—more tragic than either—German youth being whipped into a frenzy of hate against the non-Communist world, make sorry headlines indeed these days. Youth, alas, has borne the brunt of disaster in the last quarter century; it has been the blood of youth, its future, its hopes of happiness that have been lavished in the effort to maintain a world in which decency and freedom still prevail. And in the last analysis it is on youth that the direction of civilization must always ultimately rest, for youth is the continuing force which more than any other has energy and strength and, most important of all, time. Age has enjoyed or endured its past, even middle age begins to look back instead of before, but youth has the prospect of years ahead in which to translate dreams into purpose and purpose into progress. And to think that with all such possibilities Hitler's youth should have emerged from one catastrophe only to be urged on to precipitate another!

Of all the stuff of which civilization is made youth is the most malleable. And fortunately for the world it is constantly renewed. Even as one misfortunate group takes its place on the battlefield, and another, driven to the unhappy necessity by the monstrous menace of a perverted state, yields to the compulsion of military training, a third follows in their wake still open to dreams. The long procession comes —babes of kindergarten age, children ready for school, older boys and girls eager for the universities, all of them athirst for experience, receptive to knowledge, pliant to the influence of their elders. Here is where education finds its most fertile field, here where idealism is quick to be aroused, and where reason can be brought to lend logic to facts.

IT IS a delicate balance society must maintain in the education of youth. It cannot quench its innate belief in the good and its almost physiological expectation of happiness without depriving it of its most precious heritage. It cannot indulge its confidence in an easy conquest of success without leaving it defenseless against a harshly realistic world. It cannot saturate it with fear and despair without impairing its morale, its will to achieve. What to do in such a plight? It is the normal instinct of the mature to wish to shield the young from suffering and the knowledge of suffering. But to do so today is to leave them without armor against disillusionment. And of all the ills which may befall youth sudden disillusionment is the bitterest.

Against a foolish reliance on the benevolence of fate and an acrid view of life alike, the home, the school, the screen, literature, politics, all those forces that play upon and mold character, are challenged as never before. In a world that is tumultuous, hard-pressed, and under the necessity of facing desperate possibilities with courage and honesty, there can be no compromise with integrity of soul. But integrity means more than adherence to code, more than championship of beliefs. It means willingness to admit error in one's convictions, readiness to grant the possibility of right in opinions antipathetic to one's own. It means an open mind and consent to the exposure of that mind to new ideas and proposals. To know all in the political world may not be to forgive all but it is at least to acquire a rationale on the basis of which divergent opinions may find a beginning of reconciliation. Every enterprise which brings the youth of one nation into contact with that of another, every means which affords insight into the mind of peoples different from one's own, deserves support. If, instead of inculcating hatred of Western powers in the youth of Germany, Communism were to attempt to break down the barriers which language and differing ideologies interpose between them, how much nearer it might bring the hope of a fraternal order in the world than by the policy it now pursues. Communism will not, however, and since Communism will not, democracy must. Despite lapses and mistakes, the youth of the free nations is sound. When the need arises Oxford oaths and pacifist organizations, as two wars have proved, are thrown to the winds to uphold what is thought to be right.

Youth will always rise to the call on its generous impulses. But the time to evoke its ardor is before dire need forces translating impulse into action. The time to foster it is while there is chance for its exertion to prevent wars instead of to wage them. So more power to all efforts which sponsor an exchange between the youth of one nation and another, which attempt to alleviate the suffering or deprivations of unhappy victims of past misunderstandings, which labor everywhere for underprivileged and harassed youth. The race is with time; given enough and the young may still win peace for themselves and their children.

—A. L.

And Always the Shadows

By Hannah Kahn

IN RETROSPECT the shape of time is tinted;
Colors change when held against the light;
And all the shadows by which men are haunted
Are more distinct, more ominous at night.
The shape of sound has variance in weather,
All moving leaves speak differently in spring,
The tapered icicles that touch each other
On frozen branches have a separate ring.

Thus time and sound and sight are blurred and shaken
By incident, grow static in the mind;
The fortress lost, the sleeper must awaken
Yet shield his eyes lest seeing make him blind.
Always the shadows grow more straight, more tall
To overwhelm the known and make it small.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Depurged

SIR: In Ina Telberg's most informative article "The Japanese State of Mind" [*SRL* Aug. 4] there is one paragraph that makes no sense to me. As the rest of the article is so lucidly expressed, I wonder if a typographical error crept in to confuse the meaning. The paragraph in question, on page 54, refers to "the purge of some 170,000 persons in June of this year." I know of no such purge. In fact, just the opposite happened: many Japanese militarists and others of ultra-Rightist persuasion have been returned to official favor. Would you clarify, please?

BURTON L. SPENCER
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An unfortunate typographical error reversed the meaning of the paragraph referred to. Throughout this passage Miss Telberg frequently used the terms "depurge," "depurged," "depurgee," a common usage in occupied countries both in Europe and Asia to denote persons once purged for anti-democratic or other acts hostile to the Allies and now restored to good standing. Due to the typographical error, however, all these terms were actually printed as "purge," "purged," or "purgee," thus giving the erroneous and confused impression that somehow there had recently been some kind of new purge in Japan. Our apologies to Miss Telberg and those other readers who were puzzled by this apparent confusion.*

"The Press and the Great Debate"

SIR: "The Press and the Great Debate," by Elmo Roper and Louis Harris [*SRL* July 14] was an exceptionally able job, although one would expect nothing less from such responsible citizens. Publishing it was an act of the *SRL*'s usual good citizenship.

CHARLES ALLDREDGE.
Washington, D. C.

Hermann Broch

SIR: May I express to you my deep gratitude for having published the appreciation of Hermann Broch, the man, by Henry Seidel Canby, and the estimate of his work as philosopher, poet, and man of letters by Robert Pick [*SRL* June 23].

I cannot conceive of any more valuable service which you could have rendered to the cause of humane letters than to extend the too restricted circle of those who have known this eminent man and his work.

The two articles you published were so excellent that they call for no critique of mine. My personal indebtedness to Hermann Broch over many years has, however, been so great that I hope you will allow me to add that I have never known a man of greater fortitude or of deeper kindliness. His own "Death of Virgil" makes it appropriate to mention that he deserved the tribute offered to that greatest of the Roman poets: *candidiorem animam terra non tulit*, a whiter soul earth never bore.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.
Princeton, N. J.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Do you spell 'hunt' with one dog or two?"

Colons in Shavian Prose

SIR: A Double-Crostic quotation informs me that Shaw's secretary thought his liberal use of colons resulted from his reading of the Bible. I think the heroes of Shaw's "Pygmalion" would not have said that without giving the matter more study.

In the first place, Shaw does not use colons in the Bible way. In the Bible the relation of colon and semicolon is that of stronger and weaker mark; in a Shaw preface the semicolon simply puts two statements side by side, the colon makes the second statement to be an elucidation or exemplification of the first.

But I have said "in a Shaw preface." Now, in the second place, Shaw's colons do not come mostly in such matter as prefaces. Shaw's real flood of colons comes in dialogue: in the dialogue of drama and in the dialogue passages of his narrative writing. In these cases the colon is phonetic, indicating with what use of the voice Shaw thinks those words should be spoken so as best to give the desired effect.

I do not think Shaw's ghost will rise from the grave to contradict me if I go on to guess that Shaw's notion of the right utterance to give the most Shavian effect did not come solely from his observation of the theatre. I think it came largely, perhaps even mainly, from his experience as a Socialist outdoor speaker. His activities in that line gave him a first-class opportunity to see what style of enunciation seemed to go down best to the consciousness of the London citizen; and he avows that he utilized that opportunity attentively. This may have generated the greater part of Shaw's demand on the typefounders for more colons.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Correction

SIR: In his review of Harold Goddard's "The Meaning of Shakespeare" [*SRL* July 14] Professor Oscar Campbell opens and closes his attack with misstatements about historical facts which ought to be corrected. He says first, "This book is a memorial volume." As one of Dr. Goddard's colleagues and associates I know that this is not true. Dr. Goddard wrote the volume with a view to publication. He worked up to the last days of his life on completing minor revisions of his rewriting, and he personally conducted the negotiations with the University of Chicago Press.

The other misleading bit of subjectivity in the review is the closing sentence that the book may be regarded as the personal testament of a "devout and orthodox Quaker." All of us who belong to the Swarthmore Meeting of the Society of Friends would have welcomed Harold Goddard as a member at any time. He never cared to join. No one who knew about the range of his free inquiry, his reading in contemporary psychology and in all the aids to criticism, his Yankee individualism and nonconformity, would describe him as devout or orthodox.

EVERETT HUNT.
Swarthmore, Penna.

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Here's to Crime

KATHLEEN SPROUL

ON THIS DAY in August 1951, looking back over the aggregate of crime and punishment, murder and mayhem, and all the playful, dire darkness that makes up the output of the mystery story writers, the mystery is not "Whodunit" but very definitely "Where are they?"

Where, indeed, are the new writers who will one day be greeted with the pleasure of old acquaintance, as one now welcomes a Marsh, a Carr, a Christie, a Queen (sometimes), a Stout (also sometimes), a Gilbert, a Rhode? Have the publishers lost their Sherlockian spyglasses, their bloodhounds? Or is it possibly that the mother-vein of mystery has been broken up into too many offspring-veins, each of which has prettified itself too ambitiously (like the adolescents from a soil-rooted farm family who come to town to school and abandon the homely rich idiom of their parents in favor of the corner-drugstore lingo, for the moment fashionable)?

August is too lazy-making a month and a half-year crop of books is too small a sample to allow one to wax too serious about the above questions. Nevertheless, it does give one to think. Of course, there have been good books in the genre since January; and of course, there will continue to be. But in perilously few of the newcomers does one sense that beginning of a matchless vein which can be worked and worked and still delight its prospectors: a Van Dine lode, shall we say, or a Father Brown stream.

In criticism of any other form of the novel to speak of formula is to damn the writer. But the mystery story seems to me to have per se an obligation to formula—one which its readers expect to get, in not too distorted shape, as their money's worth. You can dress that formula in whatever trappings you please; but the greatest care must be taken that the dress does not smother its wearer—and, even more important, its creator. If a writer had enough inventiveness to keep spinning new trappings, that in itself would be his formula. But the wisest (and as a corollary, therefore, the long-term successful) writers have seen that entire novelty cannot be hoped for with each new book. They have therefore relaxed—to the extent that once having created a trustworthy framework they can use that on which to build an icing of novelty. The framework may be a standard detective (as Poirot or Dr. Priestly or Nero Wolfe), it may be a locale and a detective (as Miss Silver and Britain), it may be a method of probing into people (as William Irish's infinitely skilled scalpel), it may be a professional interest (as Elizabeth Daly's bibliophilism or Christopher Bush's antiquarianism)—but whatever it is, it must give the writer and the reader a place to stand and survey.

All this, of course, is manifestly unfair to the new writers. If Beethoven had written but one string quartet—the authentic pleasure of that one could not be denied. Helen Nielsen's "Kind Man" (Ives Washburn, $2.50), for instance, was an excellent job, sensitively written and thought, a tale of a boy ridden by a nightmare fear that he could not escape being a killer; but one wonders about the next book. Dorothy Salisbury Davis's "A Gentle Murderer" (Scribner, $2.50) traced the progress through Manhattan (and a vivid, really lived-on island, too) of a priest and a policeman hunting a shadowy little killer, whose trail was marked by the violent deaths of trusting women. A real master-hand here. This was Miss Davis's third book, we are told, and it is one of the few exceptions noted above; not only is it brilliant and outstanding in itself, but it definitely seems to establish its author's powers in the field.

Which brings to mind another fall-by-the wayside peril: far too many new mystery writers these days seem to be like certain second-fiddle players in a string quartet, who play the second fiddle part, only marking time until the day the first-fiddle chance may come their way. A *good* second-fiddler is rare, because it takes a fairly rare intelligence to understand that a second violin part *is* a part in itself, requiring its own special technique. One does not hold against a writer that he wants to go on to supposedly bigger and better things; one simply bemoans the unfulfilled part he left behind.

ANDREW GARVE, who wrote the admirable "No Tears for Hilda" (Harper, $2.50), and who has a new book, "By-Line for Murder," this week, cannot actually be called a new writer, since he has done other books under a pseudonym; yet perhaps a new name connotes a new point of view—and certainly "Hilda" contained a fresh use of an old technique, that of having an "unofficial" detective beat Scotland Yard to the pay-off. That seems to be the framework Mr. Garve

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 426

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 426 will be found in the next issue.

DSOI ZLV'XO ULDI JIU

LVW CLAOWSRIF JHDJZC

WVXIC VB — JIU RW'C

VCVJHHZ WSO ILCOC LT

ZLVX TXROIUC.

—LXCLI DOHHOC.

Answer to Crypt No. 425

Good fences make good neighbors.
—ROBERT FROST.

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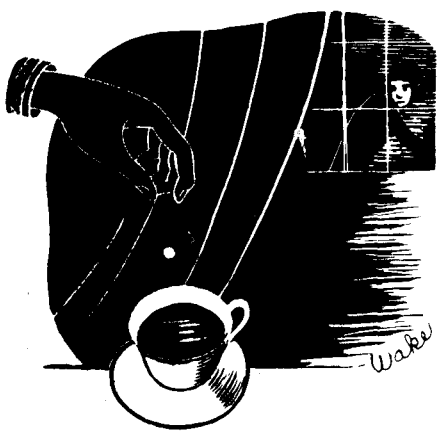
has wisely chosen, and it is a good one, particularly fitted to the sort of "off-trail" trailing that interests him and that he handles so intelligently. "Most Men Don't Kill" (Random House, $2.50), by David Alexander, was primarily interesting as a shadow cast before; it had many first-book faults, awkwardness among them, but some of the characters had a wonderful surrealist-Dickensian flavor and, though there was present almost too much and therefore implausible inventiveness, there was manifest evidence of an unhackneyed and lively mind at work. Nevertheless, though one looks forward to the next Alexander opus, his manner and method are the sort that make one fear he'll not be a stayer.

Nicolas Bentley with his "The Floating Dutchman" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50) is another question mark. Son of Trent's-Last-Case Bentley, he is obviously trying hard to live up to papa's reputation. The book was engrossing reading—but went off the track at a certain point, apparently because Mr. Bentley was trying too hard to be all things to all men and yet also "literary." He's not alone in that fault; it is, of course, one of the things meant by the comment above re the adolescents leaving the old folks behind. Whose fault is it? I am bound to ask that question and give it an honest answer on the basis of a discovery I've just made: looking back over THE CRIMINAL RECORD for these months since January, I find that I've got to take some of the blame—and so, too, if they'll permit me, must some of my fellow mayhem-critics. I find that we've been guilty many a time of suggesting that the second fiddler is a *second-rate* fiddler; many times when we should assert that an excellent job has been done in the terms of the job to be done we weasel—we praise the elements that are "novelistic" too much and the elements that are strictly "whodunit" too little. So I confess culpability—and promise to go and sin no more . . .

Among the not-so-long-known writers, new or old: Lavinia R. Davis, "Reference to Death" (Crime Club, $2.50); Hazel Christie MacDonald, "Death Walks Softly" (Phoenix, $2); Julian Symons, "The Thirty-first of February" (Harper, $2.50); Stewart Devine, "Listen for a Stranger" (Crime Club, $2.50); Robert Parker, "Passport to Peril" (Rinehart, $2.50); Cicely Cairns, "Murder Goes to Press," (Macmillan, $2.50), which was the first of this English author to be published in America. Miss Cairns's recent death is a saddening thing, for the book was one of the year's best. Also on the list: Margaret Bonham, "The House Across the River" (Macmillan, $2.50); Christopher Reeve, "Murder Steps Out" (Mill-Morrow, $2.50); George H. Johnston, "Death Takes Small Bites" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50); Peter Hardin, "The Frightened Dove" (Scribner, $2.50); F. A. Chittenden, "Strange Welcome" (Coward-McCann, $2.50); Mary Fitt, "Pity for Pamela" (Harper, $2.50); Delano Ames, "Corpse Diplomatique" (Rinehart, $2.50); Josephine Tey, "To Love and Be Wise" (Macmillan, $2.75); Wirt Van Arsdale, "The Professor Knits a Shroud" (Crime Club, $2.50); Juanita Sheridan, "The Kahuna Killer" (Crime Club, $2.50); Margaret Erskine, "The Silver Ladies" (Crime Club, $2.50); and a very fine newcomer, John Sherwood, "Mr. Blessington's Imperialist Plot" (Crime Club, $2.50).

FROM the old hands and the older-old hands this period brought a good showing in quantity if not quality. There were numerous disappointments; but, again, here the reviewer may be slightly at fault. How honestly can one say one is not unconsciously "out to get" a headliner? Above I've recommended to new writers that they find a framework; and in looking over former comments on some of the standby favorites I find that I've mentioned the equivalent of the pitcher-to-the-well-too-often several times. Perhaps one expects too much. However, the following favorites seemed to me still to deserve another warm welcome: Eliot Paul, "Murder on the Left Bank" (Random House, $2.50); Leslie Ford, "Murder Is the Pay-Off" (Scribner, $2.50); Anthony Gilbert, "Murder Comes Home" (Random House, $2.50) — and for Mr. G. a special welcome! —; Elizabeth Daly, "Book of the Crime" (Rinehart, $2.50); D. B. Olsen, "Love Me in Death" (Crime Club, $2.50); Victor Canning — one of the *real* masters — "Bird of Prey" (Mill-Morrow, $3); Frank Kane, "Dead Weight" (Ives Washburn, $2.50); Ellery Queen —



not entirely up to snuff —"The Origin of Evil" (Little, Brown, $2.50); Rex Stout — ditto — "Curtains for Three" (Viking, $2.50); Lawrence Treat, "Big Shot" (Harper, $2.50); E. C. R. Lorac, "Accident by Design" (Crime Club, $2.50); Agatha Christie — !!!! — "They Came to Baghdad" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50); Thomas B. Dewey, "Handle with Fear" (Morrow, $2.50); Eric Ambler—*of course*—"Judgment on Deltchev" (Knopf, $3); John Stephen Strange, "Reasonable Doubt" (Crime Club, $2.50); Patricia Wentworth — old reliable — "The Ivory Dagger" (Lippincott, $2.50); Anthony Morton, "Blame the Baron" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50); Max Murray —getting better all the time — "The Right Honorable Corpse" (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2.50); Allan Kennington, "Young Man with a Scythe" (Macmillan, $2.50); Helen McCloy, "Alias Basil Willing" (Random House, $2.50); Manning Coles, "Now or Never" (Crime Club, $2.50); Cyril Hare — extra stars — "An English Murder" (Little, Brown, $2.50); Frances Crane, "The Polkadot Murder" (Random House, $2.50); Ngaio Marsh — stop press! — "Night at the Vulcan" (Little, Brown, $3); John Rhode, "The Affair of the Substitute Doctor" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). There was also a fine reward for any month, any year— "The Father Brown Omnibus," happily presented by Dodd, Mead at $3.50, containing every Father Brown story ever written.

C'est ça — or as *ça* as is possible on a lazy August day. We go back now to our hammock with the next batch of books, looking again for those new writers, please, leaving one question, careless-like, in our wake. To wit, a startlingly large number of the above-recommended books are British-written. Good, these British! But wouldn't it be interesting if some publisher scouted about in other countries and came up with, say, a Danish, a new French, an Italian, even an Iranian? Or isn't literary crime popular scribbling anywhere except England and America?

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SRL Goes to the Movies

ONE UP FOR LABOR

THE MOVIE companies have always been extremely cagey when dealing with organized labor on the screen. However they may feel about unions from an administrative point of view, from the point of view of good business they know that there are too many dues-paying members around to make a series of anti-union pictures notably profitable. And so, although one can point to a handful of movies that have violently attacked labor and its organizations, for the most part the studios have maintained a policy of "hands off," dodging the issues of organized labor by the simple expedient of never bringing them up. Certainly labor has never received from the Hollywood studios so fair and intelligent a shake as comes in Producer Louis de Rochemont's new, independently produced "Whistle at Eaton Falls" (Columbia). And though the case here is certainly out of the ordinary, it dramatizes an actual event to emphasize the constructive role that organized labor can play in its community.

Eaton Falls is a small town in New England. Of the two large factories located there, one has just failed to come to terms with the union and has left to carry on its business in another, non-union community. The remaining firm, a plastics manufacturing plant, is locally owned. To meet competitive costs, the owner has discovered he must install new machinery, machines that will cut his labor requirements in half. Before he can put his new plant into operation, the man dies in a plane crash. His wife (Dorothy Gish) offers the presidency of the firm to Brad Adams (Lloyd Bridges), head of the shop's union. Brad accepts, and the union feels it has won a victory; but slowly, reluctantly, Brad is driven to the same conclusion as his predecessor. All the ingenious economies that his fellow workers can devise will not reduce costs sufficiently. He orders the new machines installed. Hot heads lead the union out on strike. Some remain loyal to Brad, however, developing new production techniques with the machines that so reduce costs as to permit full-time employment for all. A proper last shot for the film would be a large close-up of a full pay envelope.

But the point must be emphasized that in "Whistle at Eaton Falls" this happy ending is not presented as the achievement of one man. It is the product of enlightened trade unionism, a unionism that works with an equally enlightened management for the good of all. The finale marks a triumph for a group and an idea, and that alone would set this film apart as something radical and new in American movies. But add to that the good, clear, documentary-like photography, the sense of actuality imparted by the New England town in which all of this film was made, and Robert Siodmak's crisp direction which produces almost as much excitement from a labor problem as from the psychological thrillers with which his name is usually associated — and you have a picture of much more than common stature and interest.

A FEW WEEKS ago a new French film crept into New York with a minimum of advance fanfare and publicity. It starred Jean Gabin, but Gabin's recent pictures have not been especially successful. It was directed by Marcel Carné, the man who gave us "Port of Shadows" and "Enfants du Paradis," but his last film, "Les Portes de la Nuit," the French themselves referred to as "Les Portes de L'Ennuie." Its American reception was negligible. The new film from this combination, however, "Marie du Port" (Bellon-Ffoulke Intl.), has turned out to be a "sleeper," one that seems to have taken even its exhibitors by surprise. The reasons for this surprise are a little difficult to understand, unless it be the fact that the picture had not been too successful in its native France. But that is true of so many of the better foreign films. They must succeed here before they are fully appreciated in their country of origin.

And here, somehow, this story of a middle-aged man, both tired and afraid of love, seems different, a change of pace, a fresh film perception. There is novelty also in the picture's handsome Normandy seascapes, its glimpses into a different way of life. But the chief difference lies in the characters themselves—the man, his lazy, indifferent mistress, the young girl who loves him knowing that her sister is already living with him. Such people are strangers to us in our everyday films. In making this adaptation of the Georges Simenon novel of the same name, Carné and Louis Chavance have prepared a script in which three-dimensional human beings move through a

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well-ordered sequence of arresting situations. The presentation of character is admirable, thanks both to Carné and the small but skilful cast that appears in his film. Gabin, now older and mellower, moves with graceful resignation as the proprietor of a Cherbourg café and cinema, a man who would rather not become involved in anything that might upset the tricky balance of his life. Nicole Courcel, in the title role, is at once seductive and virginal. The whole is a polished, literate, mature drama.

From Italy, by way of France, comes a sort of international picture, "Women Without Names" (Lopert), playing on the plight of the displaced women of Europe at the conclusion of the last war. Herded into a DP camp in Italy, they are from all nations, from all walks of life, and of all the usual degrees of selfishness, devotion, and depravity. As might be expected, the film works the potentialities of a thousand women without men for their full melodramatic and sensational effect, including a camp show organized to cover the birth pangs of one of the inmates and a frenzied storming of the gates by the more desperate ladies of the ensemble. There is humanity in the telling, but much more of an awareness of what will make a lurid marquee display. Valentina Cortesa is the principal sufferer in a large, multilingual cast that includes Simone Simon and Françoise Rosay.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

Whistle at Eaton Falls: Reviewed in this issue.

The River: The philosophy, tradition, and ritual beauty of India fully realized in a simple story directed by Jean Renoir and photographed by nephew Claude. (*SRL* Aug. 4.)

The Frogmen: The camera stars in this account of underwater demolition teams during World War II. (*SRL* July 21.)

Bright Victory: Intelligent screenplay based on Baynard Kendrick novel, "Lights Out," showing physical and value readjustments made by blinded ex-GI's. (*SRL* July 21.)

Ace in the Hole: A boozed-up reporter seeking big-time comeback makes carnival of Albuquerque tragedy similar to Floyd Collins case. (*SRL* July 7.)

Native Son: Richard Wright playing Bigger Thomas in his story about a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a white girl. (*SRL* July 7.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

As the giant Goliath fell before the boy David, so did David the King fall before Bathsheba, the adulteress!

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TV and Radio

IT'S THAT OLD RATE RACE AGAIN

WELL I'M BACK on a favorite and delightful topic again—the rating systems. I've uncovered some new and amazing ratings, and I've just deciphered some notes I made while talking to the man from the office where they compound, compute, or concoct these ratings by which radio and television programs survive and perish. First to the notes.

It was just after the New York parade of General Douglas MacArthur. I noticed a rating system which proclaimed that 46 point something of the radio and television owners were listening to or watching the parade on their sets. The man said this meant about 3,500,000 persons were at home enjoying the gala turnout. I mentioned to the man that the consensus of newspaper opinion was that there were 7,500,000 persons on the street watching the parade in person, as they say. The man and I quickly added 3,500,000 and 7,500,000 and we got a grand total of 11,000,000 persons. (I'm not boasting but I beat the man to the correct answer by 2.3 seconds. I think he was chagrined.)

Well, we discussed briefly how in a city of eight million, there were eleven million persons concentrated on one project, not including those who were in hospitals, in jails, or indifferent. Finally we both just had a good laugh, except him, and we went on to discussing the matter of ratings in general.

I picked out one program in particular which I told him was my favorite program. It was a radio program called "The Affairs of Peter Salem." There was a slight pause for station identification.

"The Affairs of what?" he asked.

"Peter Salem. Everybody I know listens to this program. I meet the people on the street and they say they're in a hurry to get home to listen to 'The Affairs of Peter Salem.'"

"I'm sorry," he replied. "I'm not familiar with the program."

So I asked him if he ever heard a program called "The Big Show" with Tallulah Bankhead. And he said at once he was quite familiar with it—listens to it all the time.

"That's funny," I said. "'The Affairs of Peter Salem' is on the same time 'The Big Show' is on and it has twice the rating of 'The Big Show.'"

Well, we had quite a laugh about this too. And to this day we haven't spoken to each other.

Now we bring the rating system up to date.

For a couple of seasons now the ratings on TV shows have been coming out with unusually high percentages. Whereas the top radio shows had been garnering ratings as high as 20, TV shows have been receiving ratings in the forties, fifties, and even the sixties. I don't understand these figures exactly but it is easy to imagine the glee of a sponsor or an advertising agency or a network when the figures they had to look forward to every two weeks were 43.2, 39.8, 51.6 instead of those meager 18.5's. TV was really going like a house on fire. But the fire was consuming another medium known as radio.

Word began to get around that radio was all washed up. If you want to reach the largest possible audience you had better get into TV and get in fast—only those sponsors who were getting in on the ground floor would be in a position to sew up the preferred time spots. Week after week —45.2—48.9—53.6—going, going, gone. And the gold rush was on. Get a time spot—get a show—it really doesn't matter what the show is just get one and get in there.

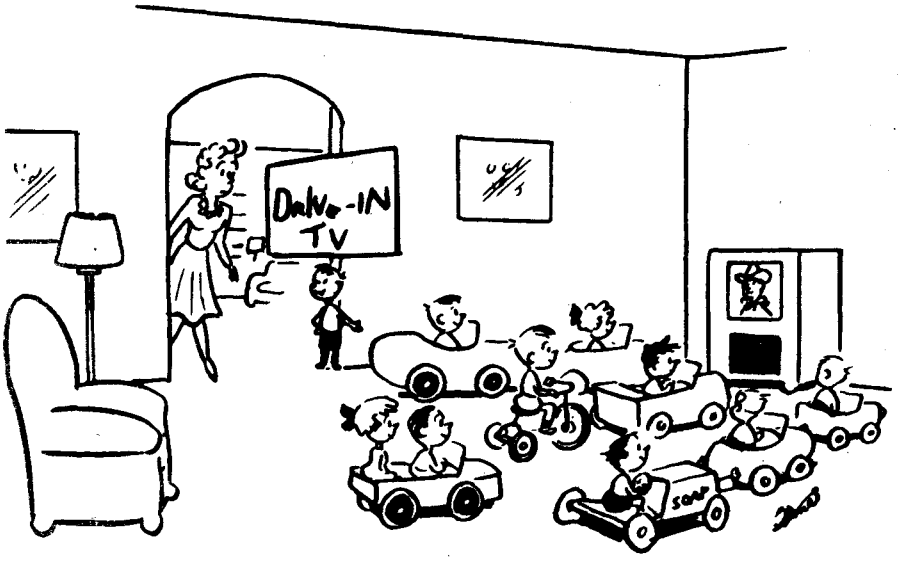
RADIO HAD to combat this rush to TV. So the rates for sponsors were lowered. Shows were comparatively being given away and there were no takers. Half hour shows that used to cost $8,000 were now on sale for half the price. Talent costs followed the dip of time costs. And pretty soon the networks began to realize they had a lot of air on their hands with nobody doing anything about it but breathing it. What to do? Very simple.

The ratings had to be revised to show the sponsors and the advertising agencies that the big audiences were still listening to their radios. Variety ran a big spread—"AM Still Big in TV Homes." A few weeks ago the Nielsen came out with a rating index which was tailor made to show conclusive "evidence of radio's continued pull in television homes, debunking the theory that TV set owners are lost for AM," said *Variety*. NBC proved by actual count that if a sponsor on radio bought time in only those towns that didn't have television, he would lose a total weekly audience of 11,300,000 radio-only homes situated in towns where there was TV. The big campaign is on to bring back radio. Figures fly around in every conceivable rating system to prove that radio is still the bigger audience puller, television ratings notwithstanding.

CBS ordered its announcers to say, instead of "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System," "This is the CBS radio network." CBS also came up with a few figures itself—figures which talk. The figure $8,000,000 which is to be spent in promoting a "back to radio" attitude for prospective sponsors.

Slowly the campaign is taking hold. There is a small trend now of sponsors buying radio time. Some of course reluctantly. It's tough to give up those 40's and 50's for the measly 9's and 10's no matter how good business is. After all a sponsor is not in these mediums to make money—a sponsor has some pride about his rating. What'll his friends think?

—GOODMAN ACE.



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BOOKED for TRAVEL

BY TIME MACHINE TO MEXICO

A CURIOUS problem in space-time is created for the modern traveler by the swiftness with which today's air transportation whisks him from bustling twentieth-century United States to Mexico, a land where life and culture move in more ancient and leisurely rhythms. The traveler seems to journey backward in time. Overnight he flies from today into yesterday.

At New York's LaGuardia Airport this puzzle in shifting time and space confronts the voyager dramatically. A searchlight throws a brilliant beam of blue light straight up into the night sky at the point where you board American Airlines's Aztec flight to Mexico and begin living in a mixture of past and present. A giant glistening airplane with every modern luxury is a stranger, more fabulous bird than appears in any of the legends of the Aztec Indians who ruled Mexico at the time. Cortez arrived to claim the land for imperial Spain. Yet it is to carry you to the Valley of Anahuac, the ancient kingdom of the Aztecs. And although you are still in New York you hear Spanish being spoken by your fellow passengers in the soft, south-of-the-border accents that are as unlike those heard in Spain as a Mississippi drawl is different from a Maine twang.

As the plane takes off on its daily overnight flight to Mexico it climbs in a half circle above the iridescent panorama of New York and heads south. Some of the lights aboard go out and the passengers, wrapped in their blankets and tilted back in their reclining chairs, drowse their way toward the Rio Grande. This is a dreamlike, dimly-lighted, half-awake world hurtling through space and time far above U. S. farms and cities steeped in sleep and the night thousands of feet below, rapidly receding as the plane flies into yesterday several centuries away. Brief middle-of-the-night halts at Washington and Dallas with coffee chasers do little to dispel the illusion.

When the sun climbs over the edge of the morning the rugged mountains and deep valleys of Mexico are seen. It is not long before the plane is gliding down the Valley of Anahuac, itself 8,000 feet above sea level, toward a landing at Mexico City's airport, built on the bed of the ancient lake of Texcoco. Thus American Airlines's

Aztec Flight comes to rest on the very spot where the Aztecs used to paddle their dugouts when Mexico City was known as Tenochtitlán, capital of the Aztec empire, and was a city of canals, a primitive Venice high in the mountains of the Western Hemisphere. The Aztec tongue of Montezuma is still spoken by the taxi drivers who wait outside the airport.

You haven't had breakfast yet, but you are in Mexico. Did you lose a night or gain a day? What century is it? With the strident cacophony of New York traffic still in your ears you ride in a battered taxi behind a sombreroed, dark-skinned driver through narrow streets where Spanish colonial architecture provides an appropriate background for ambling Indian peons and their unhurried burros.

THE ANCIENT cultures of Spain and Mexico merge around you in an intricate texture of conquest, colonialism, and romantic rebellion until your taxi halts and you are thrust abruptly back into the twentieth century before the Hotel Del Prado, a structure of soaring modernity that is Mexico's last word in angular plate-glass luxury. The peons drowsing in the warm, early morning sun on the sidewalk outside the hotel are pre-Columbian figures from that other world of primitive culture which flows around the hotel's tight little island of de luxe efficiency and comfort.

It is time for a breakfast of mangos and coffee.

You are not in Mexico City long before you realize you are in a boom town. The city has grown with a vigor and at a speed in recent years that is hard to grasp. This boom has produced as amazing contrasts as can be found anywhere today between past and present, wealth and poverty, change and changelessness.

In only a few years the population has nearly doubled. It is now almost 3,000,000. What were recently quiet pueblos or even open, rolling fields on the outskirts of the city are now crowded neighborhoods, part of the city proper. Modern skyscrapers of breath-taking audacity and imaginativeness in design are going up everywhere. Capital is pouring in from the United States and Europe.

Something akin to the opening up of the West in the United States is going on. Under the administration of President Miguel Alemán, the Government has built highways at an unprecedented pace in wisely conceived networks that for the first time are linking up the remote, inaccessible regions of the country and making possible an integrated economy. The Government is stable; the fiscal policies of Finance Minister Ramón Beteta are generally regarded as wise; investors enjoy both a sense of security and opportunity. The country is rich in natural resources, not the least of which are tourist sights unexcelled anywhere. (*SRL* Travel Editor Horace Sutton and other writers will report on these sights in detail in *Saturday Review*'s special Mexican issue, September 15.) American businessmen assert this sensational growth has a solid foundation. It is a real boom, not a bubble.

In Mexico the modernists have an impatient saying, "Let's take our eyes off the burro." They mean that they want their contemporaries to wake up

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to the fact that Mexico is no longer simply a picturesque land of burros, peasants, sarapes, and tequila. It has the vitality and pace of its own mid-century destiny, even though the burro and the tranquil peasant still dominate the landscape and pursue their unchanged rhythm of life.

The feeling the swift Aztec Flight leaves with you, of viewing Mexico City in a double-exposed photograph of New York, the feeling of telescoping time and space, is intensified by another fact. In Mexico City you are in Señor William O'Dwyer's town. He is not the mayor, but he is almost the first citizen.

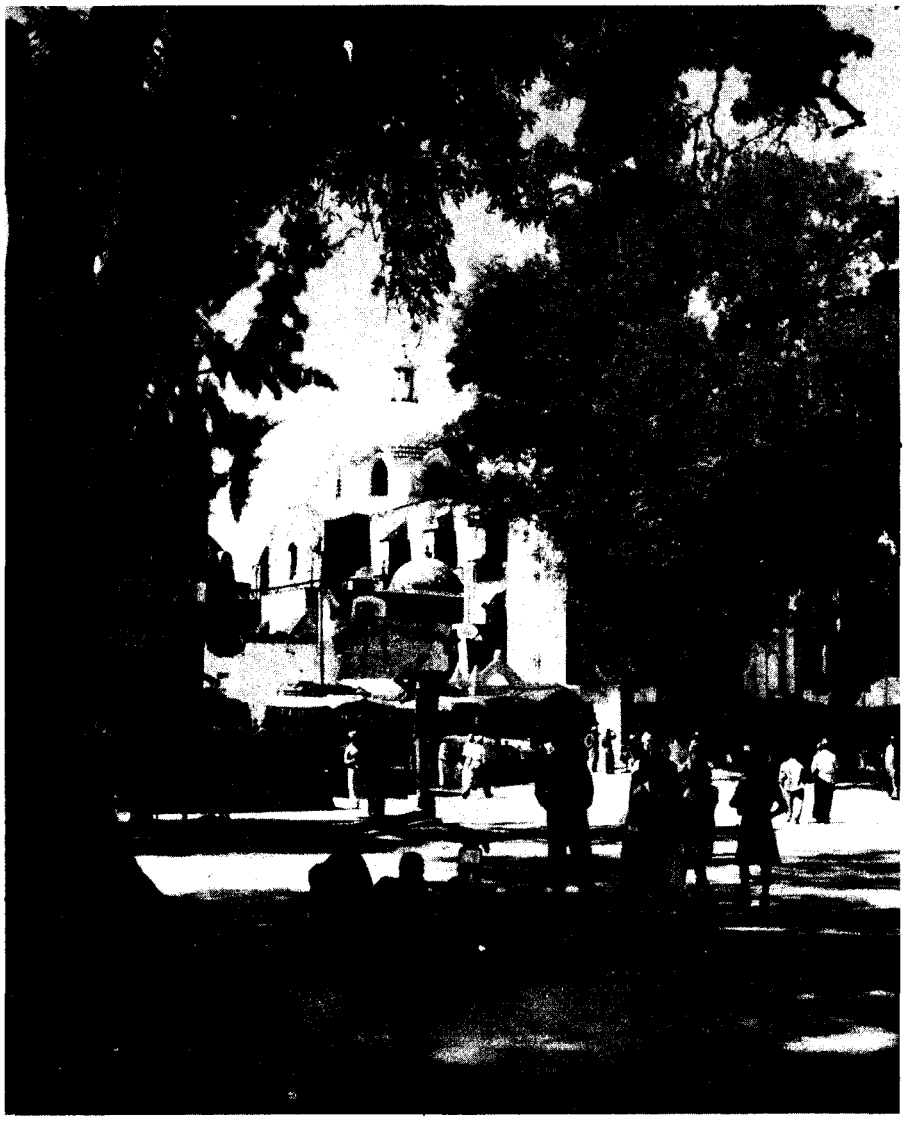
It is only accurate to report that New York's former Mayor is the most popular Ambassador the United States has had in Mexico in years. Mexicans of every station in life have nothing but the kindest things to say for "Beel O'Dwyaire."

While the American colony is sharply divided on the Ambassador as a result of the Kefauver hearings, the Mexicans appear to be united behind him and his wife. Bill O'Dwyer demonstrated in New York that he has the popular touch, and he has not lost it. The O'Dwyers genuinely like Mexico, and the Mexicans feel it; they speak Spanish; they entertain well; they mix easily and regularly with Mexican officials, businessmen, artists, and society. They travel widely. They participate actively in Mexican activities such as charities, child welfare, and public celebrations. The embassy is a center of official and social activity where Mexicans feel welcome and at ease. This is something new.

In talks with O'Dwyer it is clear that he has been deeply shaken by the Kefauver hearings and by the wake of what he regards as unfounded charges, unwarranted insinuations, and unfair criticism. It seems just as clear that he is proud to be Ambassador to Mexico, is determined to stick it out if permitted, and is committed to making his tenure one of solid achievement in the whole area of Mexican-American relations.

In Señor O'Dwyer's town south of the border, with the sidewalks crowded by American tourists whose accents range from Brooklyn to Texas, white-clad peasants prodding burros through the streets with soft Indian curses, modern skyscrapers standing shoulder to shoulder with mellow Spanish colonial buildings, is it any wonder that the overnight traveler from New York having his breakfast coffee is puzzled whether time and space have played a trick on him? If so it is a wonderful trick of that giant Aztec bird.

—William D. Patterson.



Tlaxcala street—"life and culture move in ancient rhythms."

—*American Airlines.*

Taxco's majestic Borda Cathedral—"tourist sights unexcelled anywhere."

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 12)

the novels is original and very illuminating. Unfortunately, the critic's tendency to reduce Gide's multiple contradictions to a conflict between asceticism and homosexual desires has led him to oppose "L'Immoraliste" to the other short fictions and to limit that book by insisting on its obvious picture of latent homosexuality. Apparently Mr. Guerard is not aware of Jacques de Lacretelle's attempt, in "Amour Nuptial," to rewrite that novel without the pederasty. On the other hand, his frequent references to English and American writers and his ever-alert comparisons with recent movements such as surrealism and existentialism cannot fail to enliven his subject for American readers.

It would be unjust to criticize Mr. Guerard for not having written a more comprehensive analysis of Gide. But having chosen as his subject the novelist, why did he follow a suggestion made by André Gide himself and devote his last chapter to an erudite but confused discussion of the Gidian influence, which far transcends his subject and could not but get out of hand? That Gide, piqued by the limitations his critic saw in him as a novelist, should have tried to draw attention to his lasting influence as a moral disturber is natural enough. But in so doing he led Mr. Guerard to elaborate a conclusion which, at best, belongs with a different book. Despite this, his book is by far the best we have on Gide in English.

Justin O'Brien is a professor of French at Columbia University and translator of the "Journals of André Gide."

Belles-Lettres Notes

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH AND HIS CARICATURES OF NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM. By F. DeWolfe Miller. Harvard University Press. $2. If one were to look for an American nineteenth-century transcendentalist who would permit himself to be caught in anything but a mood of high seriousness, it would be difficult to find another specimen like Christopher Pearse Cranch. Cranch pursued several careers with minor distinction — as a Unitarian minister whose preachings lapsed into transcendentalism, as a poet whose offerings received both praise and playful paddling for their conceits by Edgar Allan Poe, and as a portraitist, landscape artist, and occasional cartoonist. Samples of the Cranch cartoons, a discussion of their history, and a well-rounded biographical account of the man are the features of F. DeWolfe Miller's lively study. Some of the most telling cartoons illustrate quotations from Emerson and were gleefully pounced upon by anti-Emersonians, although Cranch stated, "I always took pains to repudiate any Philistine idea that anything like ridicule was here attempted." What Cranch had intended as private amusement became public sport, especially since his pictorial parody underlined the susceptibility of transcendentalist vocabulary and ideas to caricature, when taken out of context. As evidence we have a cartoon captioned with Emerson's words, "The ambitious soul sits down before refractory Fact," in which Emerson seated views an array of little Martian monsters in all kinds of refractory poses. Or Emerson's "glad to be alive" outburst of "I expand and live in the warm day, like corn and melons," with Emerson shown lolling as a swollen melon amid curcurbitaceous companions, expanding in the warmth of the day. Most of the caricatures have an amateurish air about them and indicate how far modern cartooning has left behind the cartoonist of Cranch's day, yet insofar as they good-naturedly and critically probe transcendentalism they are more than tolerably amusing.

THE GREEN AND THE RED: Sean O'Casey, the Man and his Plays. By Jules Koslow. Golden Griffin Books, New York. $3.90. Irish critics today reproach Sean O'Casey for his self-imposed exile but this was inevitable after 1928 when Yeats and the Abbey Theatre rejected his play "The Silver Tassie." It was more than a mere rejection; O'Casey was faced with the choice of following his natural, untutored talents or capitulating to extensive tampering. In his brief but sound study of O'Casey's dramas from their social and political aspects, Mr. Koslow underlines O'Casey's own contention that his plays are " a commentary of life itself." So it was that "The Shadow of a Gunman" and "The Plough and the Stars" commented poignantly on the bloody struggle for Irish independence, while "Juno and the Paycock" commented with sympathetic irony on Dublin slum life, concluding with the famous, rueful observation that "the whole world's in a state of chassis." As Mr. Koslow guides the reader through the plays in exile, "Within the Gates," "Purple Dust," "The Star Turns Red," "Red Roses for Me," "Oak Leaves and Lavender," and "Cock-a-doodle Dandy," he manages to present both sides of the controversies inevitably aroused by the O'Casey dramas. From the start, O'Casey was a non-conformist: a Protestant among Irishmen, a union worker, secretary of the Irish Citizen Army, a stinging portrayer of the medievalism of the Catholic Church, a dramatist who held up a mirror to sham and prejudice, a pacifist and then as an advocate of militancy unfortunately much too close to the Communist Party line. On the last point, Mr. Koslow believes O'Casey to be entirely too independent to hew to any party line for long.

Mr. Koslow shows a good understanding of the nature of the change from O'Casey's early dramas to the later ones; a change from the naturalistic mirroring of a particular milieu to a form close to the expressionistic idea-drama without conventional "heroes." It was this change which had antagonized Yeats, resulting in his acid judgment of "The Silver Tassie." In spite of O'Casey's non-conformism, it would be wrong to imply that his dramas are altogether outside of Irish literary tradition; for if one scratches the surface of some of the O'Casey characters, quite a bit of Synge becomes apparent.

The Golden Griffin Book Series aims at attractive book production and this volume, handsomely designed in a modernistic style by Ladislav Sutnar, certainly is exemplary.

A WESTERN JOURNAL. By Thomas Wolfe. University of Pittsburgh Press. $3.50. It was characteristic of Wolfe that although he was suffering from writer's fatigue, after having shipped off a three-novel length manuscript to his publisher, he had to find an outlet for his restlessness by covering

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geographical distances while his obsession for self-expression, which resulted in verbal elephantiasis, urged continued writing. It was in 1938 then, shortly before his sudden death, that he accepted an unexpected invitation from two journalist strangers to join in a marathon automobile trip through the West. Their itinerary, from June 20 to July 2, may be traced by following on a map the roads leading from Portland, Oregon, through the National Parks of California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Washington. Throughout the trip Wolfe kept "A Daily Log of the Great Parks Trip," titling the result "A Western Journey" — a catch-all record of his spontaneous impressions and thoughts.

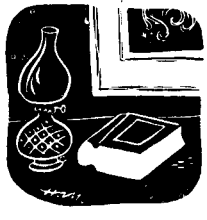
According to a letter to Edward C. Aswell, administrator of the Wolfe estate, Thomas Wolfe intended the log to consist of notes which were to be revised and rounded out. Yet it is probable that no matter what revision, there would still remain Wolfe's shapelessness bred by his gnawing sense of incompleteness. As the log stands it is a mélange of rapid jottings, often in telegram style, alternating between tourist banalities and flashes of brilliant nature descriptions with poetic overtones. On seeing Zion Canyon, Utah, Wolfe exclaims, "fierce red and vermillion now, but sandy, whitest/ limestones, striped with strange stripes of salmon/ pink — scrub dotted, paler — Now in the canyon/ road and climbing, and now pink rock again,/ strange shapes and scarings in the rock, and/ even vertices upon huge swathes of stone, and/ plunging down now in stiff canyon folds the/ sheer solid beetling." In tone, technique, and manner much of Wolfe's poetic catalogue bears striking resemblance to Walt Whitman's voracious moods. Occasionally bits of satire break through sentimental and nostalgic screens as in the lines where Wolfe tells of the domestic entourage of a Lodge who sing "Till we meet again," "Good-bye, ladies" to the departing tourists and then brag of how professional a job they did in squeezing tears from their guests.

Credit for the patient job of deciphering Wolfe's difficult, soft-pencilled scrawl, of which some facsimiles are reproduced, goes to Agnes Lynch Starrett, editor of the University of Pittsburgh Press, and Percival Hunt. Although they have preserved Wolfe's spelling and paragraphing, their typographical line by line arrangement of the words to give them a semblance of "epic" poetry again demonstrates the value of intelligent editorial help and shaping to Wolfe's writings.

—Siegfried Mandel.

WHEN Katherine C. Balderston's scholarly edition of Hester Lynch Thrale-Piozzi's "Thraliana" was published in 1942 it brought into public view a document of prime importance to all Johnsonians, a document that previously had been known to the world only in excerpts, and one that shed much light on old vexed questions regarding Mrs. Thrale's character, her treatment of Dr. Johnson, the reliability of her "Anecdotes," and the scandal of her second marriage—an event which convinced the aging, ailing, irritable, once pampered pet of the Thrale household that he had been basely betrayed and deserted. Light was shed, but agreement did not follow the illumination. The lady's defenders have remained as staunch as ever, while her detractors have remained savage. Now that a new edition of "Thraliana" has been issued (Oxford University Press, 2 vols., $17.50) new readers will be able to form their own opinions regarding the points at issue.

It is a strange production, this work which fills 1,100 large pages printed from six handsomely bound manuscript volumes that rest in the Huntington Library, in California. When Mr. Thrale gave his wife these quarto blank books, just before their thirteenth wedding anniversary, she set out to fulfill the promise of their gold-stamped title, "Thraliana," by producing an English ana in imitation of French models. Throughout the first volume she remained faithful to her purpose, but then she turned aside to assemble anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, and later, after a brief return to the kind of gallimaufry with which she had begun, she started to fill her blank books chiefly with a diary of her increasingly troubled and passionate life. So doing, she drew her own portrait and several others with considerable detail. Johnson appears here very much as we find him in Boswell's "Life": as a bear and a boor and a bully on the surface, but still—in Horace Walpole's phrase—"good-natured at bottom," and capable of making his virtues win forgiveness for his vices. Miss Balderston demonstrates beyond argument that Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson" (1786) were written with these earlier Johnsonian notes at her elbow; but Miss Balderston also makes it clear that Mrs. Piozzi took "every variety of freedom" with her original record. As for Mrs. Thrale herself, there can be little doubt that she was a lion-hunter, socially ambitious, and contemptuous of the brewery that made her rich. She was, too, perhaps, flighty by nature—although her flightiness must have been somewhat checked by her bearing a dozen children to a man she did not love—and she was certainly, as Johnson said, "a rattle." We could have more respect for her intelligence and wit, had she not stuffed "Thraliana" with so many flat anecdotes, so many poor jokes, and so much mediocre verse from her own pen. But I, for one, find it impossible not to side with her in the matter of Piozzi. The man loved her, and she—who had never before known or even believed in any such emotion—loved him passionately. They could well afford to marry, they did, and they lived happily ever after. She did not desert her children: under the leadership of the redoubtable Queeney, whom it is very hard to like, they deserted her. It is no easier to like Fanny Burney's part in the Piozzi affair; but I must confess that "little Burney" has never been one of my favorites. As for the treatment of Johnson, it is clear that for some time before her second marriage Mrs. Thrale believed that he no longer needed her and could easily part from her; and it is also clear that she was hurt by this belief. Summing up, I think it is time that we said of the human and therefore imperfect characters of this famous drama—R.I.P.



Anyone looking for an attractive, reasonably priced edition of the collected works of the Brontë sisters need look no further than The Heather Edition, arranged and introduced by Phyllis Bentley, published in London by Allan Wingate, imported by Macmillan (6 vols., $12). Macmillan has also reissued the Illustrated Pocket Classics edition of Jane Austen (5 vols., $1.25 each), with introductions by Austin Dobson, and illustrations by Hugh Thomson and Charles E. Brock. These are good books for readers whose eyes are good. Doubleday has published Balzac's "Père Goriot" ($3.95), with cleverly stylized illustrations by Margot Tomes.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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THE AMERICAN WEST

(*Continued from page* 16)

on the spot. Later, in Scotland and in his own studio, he selected scenes from the portfolios to paint on ample canvasses. He made no such reputation as his contemporary George Catlin, published no book, created no stir by exhibitions. After his death in 1874 he was virtually forgotten.

Less than twenty years ago Mae Reed Porter of Kansas City discovered and acquired in Baltimore about a hundred of his water colors and began gathering facts on his life and on that of his patron—perhaps the most romantic figure who ever went West. In "Across the Wide Missouri" (1947), Bernard De Voto utilized much of this information and reproduced sixty-eight Miller pictures, more than half of them from the Porter collection. No other artist got among the mountain men to paint the details of their daily life.

"The West of Alfred Jacob Miller" now completes the bringing of this long obscured artist into full emergence. It contains exactly 200 halftone reproductions from water colors in the Walters Art Museum of Baltimore—water colors painted on commission long after the Stewart expedition. Each picture is faced with a printed note writen by Miller to bring out its significance, especially in social history. He was especially fond of sketching young women of various tribes encountered and is more realistic on their bodies than on their dress. His comments on their status as trapper concubines are not at all realistic.

Miller's realism comes in such details as a buffalo horn cup, more than in the girl who brings it full of water to a thirsty trapper. Like Catlin, he pictures the roping of wild horses and, like Catlin also, does not know how a roper holds his rope. He catches the grace and life of wild horses, but as documentary evidence on the horse stock of mustang days, his long-eared mules are more authentic. His picture of a cougar jumping out of a tree would have made Teddy Roosevelt snort, but his buffalo hump spitted by a fire makes a man hungry. He is superb on the architecture of Chimney Rock, a log cabin, an Indian lodge, Fort Laramie, Scot's Bluffs, the Devil's Gate, a dog dragging a travois, a watering buffalo, a medicine circle made of bleached buffalo skulls, pack saddles, a buffalo herd stampeding over a cliff, an Indian woman diving into water, the cradle of a papoose strapped on its mother, and many other things big and little. His pictures exercise the transporting power of imagination.

The reproductions are clear and the volume containing them has the handsome proportions characteristic of work issued by the University of Oklahoma Press. An informing essay on the artist, by Marvin C. Ross of the Walters Art Museum, introduces it. As a book on the West this is as fresh as in another field a portfolio of newly discovered portraits of Elizabethan dramatists and actors would be.

J. Frank Dobie is the author of "On the Open Range," "The Longhorns," and other books about the West.

Redwood Foundations

ARK OF EMPIRE. By Idwal Jones. New York: Doubleday & Co. 243 pp. $3.50.

By JAMES BENET

IF IT WERE NOT that the word connotes over-elaboration and even tedium, one might describe Idwal Jones as a raconteur. He is a teller of stories, and very good ones, with an ability to weave them together so that his reader has scarcely finished chuckling at one before he is in the middle of the next. With such a treasure of good stories to draw upon as early San Francisco furnishes, he has produced a delightful book.

It is the history of one of the city's oldest buildings, the Montgomery Block, which in recent years has been known chiefly as part of the Bohemia that climbs its neighboring Telegraph Hill. Idwal Jones has recreated its solid underpinnings in the past, with special attention to the Fifties and Sixties, when it was a center of the business and political life of the explosive town. The story is largely that of its builder, Henry W. Halleck.

Halleck, who began its construction by sinking a huge raft of bolted redwood logs in the soft filled land of old Montgomery Street (hence the "Ark" of the title), was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable figures of the city's beginnings, and it is a genuine service to piece together his fragmentarily recorded career. He went on to become Lincoln's "Old Brains," as chief of staff, but his activities in the West were notable, too. After West Point and the Mexican War he became secretary to the governor at Monterey, drafted the state constitution, managed the world-renowned Almaden mercury mine, founded a remarkable law firm—and built the Montgomery

—By A. J. Camille, from "Ark of Empire."

Block. Idwal Jones has interspersed his accounts of these happenings with many nuggets. Here is Grant passing through in his lowest hour after quitting the service at Fort Humboldt, and returning years later to honors as the ex-President. There is General Phil Sheridan standing on the table to address the diners at the opening of the Palace Hotel, for he was otherwise too small to be seen. And there's a glimpse of Adolph Sutro signing the giants of the Comstock Lode to his contracts after he had fought them to a standstill. Bret Harte, Farragut, Mark Twain, Sun Yat-sen, Sherman, Jack London all move through these pages, and come alive as Idwal Jones beckons them for the moment.

The formal historian may find a few things to quarrel with, for Mr. Jones is a story-teller, after all. His account of Grant's reasons for resigning his commission omits the matter of whiskey, which Lloyd Lewis in his biography put, not unkindly, in the center of the picture. He is a little given, too, to hyperbole, as when he calls Halleck's law firm "the most remarkable" in the country, and occasionally to fancy writing, as the title may indicate.

But in such a lively account of the men after whom the streets are named in the hilly city, these faults are minor. The historic figures move again in all their vividness. Many of them, it is noteworthy, were West Pointers, and it is a curious reflection that perhaps never again was a training at the military academy so useful a beginning to a career, until the present.

Idwal Jones has furnished a pleasant evening for those who like to read

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about San Francisco, as so many do, and without the intensity of romanticism which overcomes too many writers on the city.

James Benét, son of William Rose Benét, is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

American West Notes

RED MEN CALLING ON THE GREAT WHITE FATHER. By Katharine C. Turner. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75. Many Indians have made the pilgrimage to the White House, and whoever the occupant may have been, whatever his political faith, a single purpose lay behind every invitation—"to impress upon them the numerical and mechanical strength of the white men and the consequent futility of resistance." This is Mrs. Turner's melancholy conclusion after investigating the junkets in detail and selecting therefrom some fifteen examples chosen not so much for typicality as for intrinsic interest. She is not out to prove anything, but to take pictures of history, and engaging little newsreels they are. Her Indian envoys run the gamut from the noble to the ridiculous, from the knight-at-arms to the clodhopper, from the dignity of a Red Cloud sitting on the floor of the office of the Secretary of the Interior because "I want to sit as I sit where the sun sets" to the slyness of a Geronimo chiselling on his expense account and selling his autographs for fifty cents apiece. Mrs. Turner's book is the thirty-second unit in the Civilization of the American Indian Series. It is a pathetic little series of narratives, and a righteous indignation occasionally erupts through the pathos. And it is excellent reading in its own right.

COWBOY AND INDIAN TRADER. By Joseph Schmedding. Caxton Press, Caldwell, Ida. $5. Joseph Schmedding is a Southeasterner who went Southwest. Reared in North Carolina, he was lured to New Mexico by a souvenir post-card sent him by a friend. He never regretted taking the bait. He became a cowhand at (small and big boys will be happy to learn) the Triangle Bar Triangle. Seven years later he took over an Indian trading post in Arizona, and this portion of his story covers novel ground. Schmedding had a lively and intelligent interest in Indian relics and Indian culture, and his customers were quick to note his sympathetic appreciation of their past and his friendly concern for their present. The book reaches a mildly dramatic climax with Schmedding's deprivation of his trading license and its restoration following (but not demonstrably because of) an interview with President Harding. The period covered in Schmedding's reminiscences is the first quarter of the twentieth century—a point in Western history which has not been overworked. He writes with modesty and authenticity. There is an excellent selection of photographs.

THE ARMY OF THE PACIFIC. By Aurora Hunt. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. $10. On the eve of the Civil War, nearly three-fourths of the regular United States military establishment was scattered through the West, most of it between the Rockies and the coast. The gold rush thereupon went into reverse, and California and her sparsely settled neighbors set about recruiting a force to combat an invasion which in some degree materialized. This book, covering operations in California, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Mexico, and the Plains from 1860 to 1866, provides a mine of detailed information on the establishment, training, equipment, and accomplishments of that force. Miss Hunt has drawn heavily on documentary sources and on local newspapers, visiting the areas concerned and "tramping across the meadows where the volunteers drilled." This arduous field-work has given her book a strong sense of locality, and access to some 150 letters written by the men themselves aided her in personalizing the recital.

She has devoted much research also to the demobilization period, when the bogey of "surplus war property plagued the debt-ridden government," and a Colt could be picked up for as little as six dollars. Included among the five hundred casualties of the Far West's home-grounds contribution to the preservation of the Union was the commanding general of the Department of the Pacific, who was drowned in the summer of 1865 while proceeding by sea to his new station at Fort Vancouver.

PACIFIC GRAVEYARD. By James A. Gibbs, Jr. Binsford & Mort, Portland, Ore., for Oregon Historical Society. $3. In May, 1848, the British bark *Vancouver* was lost off the mouth of the Columbia River without loss of life—a most unusual circumstance for a shipwreck in that troubled area. Her cargo could not be salvaged, and as a result a quantity of consumer goods fell into the hands of the Clatsop Indians, who thereafter, according to Mr. Gibbs, "were frequently seen picking berries

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Edith M. Wright, of Detroit, asks you to identify well-known English and American authors by these distinguishing facts about the beginning or the ends of their lives. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answer on page 38.

1. Celebrated author, born of middle-class parents in Stratford, 1564.
2. Remarkable author of peasant origin born near Ayr, Scotland, 1759.
3. Gifted prose writer, born of Puritan ancestry in Salem, Mass., 1804.
4. Unique master of English prose, born in Mohilow, Poland, in 1857.
5. Famous son of Margaret Ogilvy, born in Kirrimuir, Scotland, in 1860.
6. Virile writer of prose and verse, born in Bombay, India, in 1865.
7. Unusual poet, born of Swedish stock, in Galesburg, Illinois, 1878.
8. Nobleman's daughter, one of topmost modern poets, Yorkshire, 1887.
9. Poet of the first rank, died in Rome before he was 26 in 1821.
10. Modern poet and critic, British subject, born in St. Louis in 1888.
11. Great lyric poet, drowned in Gulf of Spezia, Italy, in 1822.
12. Much talked of poet died of fever in Greece in 1824.
13. American prose writer died at home called Sunnyside in 1859.
14. Frail, gifted poet died at her home called Casa Guida, Florence, 1861.
15. Novelist died at his home called Gadshill, near London, in 1870.
16. Noted poet died at son's palace on Grand Canal, Venice, in 1889.
17. Great poet-laureate of England died at Aldworth, in 1892.
18. Well-liked prose and verse writer died at Vailima, Samoa, 1894.
19. He died in Ayot, St. Lawrence, England, aged 94, in 1950.
20. Noted American novelist died in Rome, Italy, January 10, 1951.

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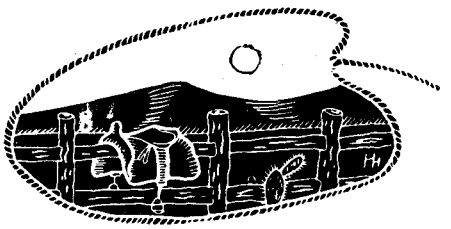
in the latest London fashions." The incident is here selected for the reason that it provides one of the few smiles in Mr. Gibbs's grim recital of the tragedies that have befallen in the shadow of too-mildly named Cape Disappointment. His sequence of vivid thumbnail narratives is followed by a melancholy alphabetical roster of ships "stranded, foundered, burned, or otherwise lost" in an area that is romantic and charming "so long as you stay on shore." There are unusual photographs.

MILEPOSTS ON THE PRAIRIE: The Story of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway. By Frank P. Donovan, Jr. Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp. $4.50. They used to call the M. & St. L. the "Misery and Short Life," "Maimed and Still Limping," or "Midnight and Still Later." Its "grand opening" was celebrated November 25, 1871, when a special train of eight cars steamed out of Minneapolis bound for Carver and Sioux City Junction. Minneapolis was proud of its independent outlet to the south and the east. But evil days lay ahead. The time came when the road was carrying little except deficits. It eventually achieved two unenviable distinctions. It was a ward of the court for twenty years and four months—"the longest receivership," Mr. Donovan reports categorically, "of any Class I railroad now in existence." And it was put on the auction block forty-two times without attracting a single bid. In 1942, on the forty-third try, it was acquired by Lucian Charles Sprague. Today the road is debt free and completely made over, and accomplishes the run to Peoria in seven hours less time. Inevitably Mr. Donovan has to devote much space to diagnosis and treatment (in itself a good story), but he has ample space left in which to discuss equipment, operation, and personalities. Nobody calls the M. & St. L. names now.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATURALISTS. By Joseph Ewan. University of Denver Press. $5. A 23-year-old Vermonter, Edwin James, was Colorado's first botanist, and the first man to ascend a 14,000-foot peak in North America (better than three Mount Mansfields). He is No. 1 on Mr. Ewan's roster of nine naturalists, best known of whom (though not as a naturalist) is John Charles Frémont. These nine studies take up less than half of the book. The rest is given over to a "Roster of Natural History Collectors" associated with the Rockies. There are not quite 800 of these, arranged alphabetically, and described in from 25 words to several hundred apiece. Data references follow every entry, together with identifications of plants which perpetuate their names—a pleasant immortality. This compilation, a formidable accomplishment for one individual, gives the book a high referential value in its particular field—it is hardly surprising that the schedule of acknowledgments runs to nearly four pages of name-listings. The nine main papers are crisp little studies of a fascinating assemblage of human beings—men of diverse natures, backgrounds, and accomplishments made one in their devotion to the marvels of growth to be found in the mountain country.

ARIZONA: The History of a Frontier State. By Rufus Kay Wyllys. Hobson & Herr, Phoenix. $6. Back in the early 1900's a Senatorial committee suggested that if Arizona and New Mexico wanted to be states, they might as well be one state. (If the idea had gone through, and if they could somehow have worked Maine into the com-



bination, Texas would have dropped to second place.) New Mexico voted almost two to one in favor of the step, but Arizona was more than five to one against it. So they came in separately, and not quite hand in hand, in 1912, with New Mexico ahead by some five weeks. Arizona's first electoral votes went to Woodrow Wilson; in every Presidential election she has been with the winner. Dr. Wyllys's chronicle, which goes back 20,000 years and reaches up to the "sunshine rush" of right now, is a solid, straightforward narrative, without romantics and without propaganda—factual as a cookbook, but eminently readable. Dr. Wyllys, in fact, has established a pattern that other states might well copy. Forty-eight manuals of such modest comprehensiveness and such high consultative value would add distinction to any bookshelf, public or private. There are good photographs and a comprehensive reference bibliography.

I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL RUN: The Story of the Great Feuds of Texas. By C. L. Sonnichsen, Harper. $3.50. In an informed, path-clearing introduction, Mr. Sonnichsen exposes three widely-held fallacies concerning feuds: that they are family affairs, that they arise from trivial causes, and that they flourish exclusively in the backwoods. The bullet-spattered case histories which he selects prove he is right. Inevitably, no fault of Mr. Sonnichsen, his narratives often lack the neat terminal knotting-up that one expects in chronicles of factual crime (and doesn't always get, witness the Borden case). A murder case hinges on evidence—events seen, objects producible in court. Feudists tend to be tight-lipped, and are inclined to leave around not too few clues, but too many. What one gets here is confused, indiscriminate, helter-skelter lawlessness—"there are two stories about what happened next," Mr. Sonnichsen is compelled to say. But lawlessness makes exciting reading, and as Mr. Sonnichsen knows the places he is writing about, and has studied his badmen (and his good) with care and thoroughness, he achieves a piece of solid historical scholarship without treading on the reader's capacity for enjoyment. In fact, at the close of his book Mr. Sonnichsen puts on a necktie and comes up with bibliography, sources, annotations, and suchlike gear.

IRON FACE: The Adventures of Jack Frazer, Frontier Warrior, Scout, and Hunter. Recorded by Henry Hastings Sibley. Caxton Club, Chicago, $7.50. These memoirs are probably as close an approach as can ever be made to the mind of the American Indian in the Northwest of a century ago. They were set down by General Sibley (who was obviously the right man for the job) and published in the *St. Paul Pioneer* in 1866 and 1867—a commendable example of journalistic-historical enterprise. Their reassemblage in book form for the first time is an equally commendable instance of the perpetuation which alert scholarship can effect.

The text is edited by Theodore C. Blegen and Sarah A. Davidson, who supply an essential and enlightening introduction. Jack Frazer was a half-breed, but he grew up all Sioux in a fiery and bloody moment in frontier history. General Sibley was a skilled interviewer; he sensed the fact that the name-and-date chroniclers (though he himself did not scorn names and dates) could readily fill in the blank spaces, and accordingly he concentrated on the Indian among Indians—the Sioux way of life. He had a sympathetic, self-revealing subject who was aware of his own importance as a collaborator and perhaps had some feeling for historical values. The combination was as happy as it is rare, and the result, now safely preserved, is an important contribution to our native anthropology.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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ALL KINDS OF THINGS

ASKING a small boy what he would like his books for vacation reading to be about, we got an emphatic answer: "All kinds of things!" It happens that we took with us for our vacation in the Maine woods a little book by the naturalist George Mason, called "Animal Tools," which will be published later in the Fall. It is one of a series which is probably familiar to our readers. Having it in the woods is rather like having an exciting detective story. Naturally, you need a microscope, it being a necessary tool to all detectives. Close observation of things that we usually accept without examination can be as much fun as a complicated new toy or a new hobby. So, in this late summer issue of the *SRL* we suggest some books that can make the last days of the summer vacation lively and profitable. With them are some new stories and one picture book about a remarkable cat.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

WEATHERCRAFT. By Athelstan F. Spilhaus. New York: The Viking Press. 64 *pp.* $2.

Boys and girls can have lots of fun with this book. They can learn to be their own accurate weather prophets, using materials that are easy to get and low in cost. An egg-beater, a burned-out electric light bulb, an old olive jar, a coat hanger, a few simple tools, and some paint can be the beginning of a home weather bureau that will make them feel infinitely superior to the people who depend upon their daily newspapers. There is, too, an explanation of the weather maps that are so valuable to aviators, mariners, and even to the general public. The book is illustrated with diagrams and with photographs.

STATE BIRDS AND FLOWERS. By Olive L. Earle. New York: William Morrow & Co. 64 *pp.* $2.

Graceful and informing drawings of birds and flowers found in the various states of the Union illustrate this attractive book. The states are arranged alphabetically and, if the bird or flower is common to more than one state, reference is made to the preceding or following page.

EVERY CHILD'S BOOK OF ANIMAL WONDERS. By J. Bentley Aistrop. New York: Roy Publishers. 172 *pp.* $2.50.

This detailed record of the background and habits of various animals, snakes, fish, and birds is by a Fellow of the London Zoological Society who has traveled widely in the United States. The chapter headings are "Creatures Which Help Man," "Creatures Which Hinder Man," etc. It is a book to read for interest and information rather than a reference book.

INSECTS: A Guide to Familiar American Insects. By Herbert S. Zim and Clarence Cottam. Illustrated by James Gordon Irving. New York: Simon & Schuster. 157 *pp.* $1.

This latest of the Golden Nature Guides is an amazing little book. It tells the life story of every insect that one can think of, and it gives a picture in full color of two hundred and twenty-five of them. Sturdy in binding and small enough to slip into a pocket, it not only identifies and describes every member of the huge insect family, but tells you how to collect and study them.

THE FIRST BOOK OF TREES. By M. B. Cormack. Pictures by Helene Carter. New York: Franklin Watts. 93 *pp.* $1.75.

This is one of the most attractive of the Franklin Watts "First Book . . ." series. Helene Carter's drawings and the beautiful end-papers are printed in gray and a clear green. The information about trees in general and the text and drawings describing each separate species are clear and crisp in wording and unusual in design. One can imagine boys and girls taking this book with them into fields and woods, even into city parks, and thoroughly enjoying their identification of the trees.

O. K. FOR DRIVE-AWAY. By Henry B. Lent. New York: The Macmillan Co. 152 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story, completely up-to-date in text and photographs, of the making of a modern automobile. The early chapters describe the development of the motor car. Then Mr. Lent takes his readers through a modern factory and assembly plant, showing the car from the first design drawn by an engineer to the final touch when it rolls off the assembly line. It is for older boys and girls, or for any one of any age who is interested in America's greatest industry.

THE BIG BOOK OF REAL BUILDING AND WRECKING MACHINES. By George J. Zaffe. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. No paging. $1.

This is a series of drawings in full color and a short text that describes cranes, bulldozers, rock crushers, and

—From "Up and Down the River."

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the other gigantic machines that are used today for building up and tearing down large buildings.

THE BIG BOOK OF REAL BOATS AND SHIPS. By George J. Zaffo. Text by Benjamin Brewster. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. No paging. $1.

These illustrations, in color, picture dramatically the different kinds of ships and the small, open vessels moved by oars, paddles, sails, or motors that are called boats. There are, too, pictures of vessels that are historical, and two pages that show the official signal lights of various types of vessels. The book answers questions that might be asked by older boys, as well as by their small brothers.

NIKOLINE'S ACADEMY. By Margaret Maw. Illustrations by Mabel Woodbury. New York: Oxford University Press. 249 pp. $2.75.

The author of "Nikoline's Choice" takes her heroine, who is now seventeen, to her first year in Academy Town to start her training as a teacher. The course was four years, but Nikoline had money enough for only one year; then she must begin to earn. The background is the little college city in Utah in the Nineties. It is an interesting, well-written story of a girl who had been brought up in a deeply religious atmosphere, dedicated to hard work and service to others. Nikoline was pretty and gay, with a nice sense of humor. At the end of her year she was ready to take over a little country school where she "could ring her own school bell." One feels that romance in the person of young Ray Shumway is waiting for Nikoline.

THE STORY OF SERAPINA. By Anne H. White. Illustrated by Tony Palazzo. New York: The Viking Press. 128 pp. $2.50.

There is something about Serapina that reminds you of Mary Poppins. Serapina was a large, multi-colored cat who appeared mysteriously in the Salinus household and proceeded to act as guardian and nursemaid to the three Salinus children. Mr. Salinus and the children accepted her from the first. Mrs. Salinus did not like cats and actively resented the rumors that spread about the neighborhood of Serapina's uncanny ability. She saw, with her own eyes, that Serapina could open the house door with her tail, carry in the milk bottles, act as an accurate alarm clock, compel Peter Salinus to wash his face and Sally Salinus to comb her hair before breakfast, etc.

—*From "The Story of Serapina."*

But when the neighbors accused Serapina of being a witch Mrs. Salinus was very much disturbed. With a quiet humor that is never conscious but always effective, Anne White tells the story of Serapina and her effect upon the Salinus family. Imaginative children will love it, and the practical ones will wonder if it really could have happened.

UP AND DOWN THE RIVER. By Rebecca Caudill. Pictures by Decie Merwin. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 115 pp. $2.

This is the third of Rebecca Caudill's stories of Bonnie and Debby in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky a generation ago. In this one, Bonnie and Debby start out to make some money for themselves and end up with no money, but one lamb, one duck, three kittens, and two bantams—one a cock and one a hen. For the benefit of the younger boys and girls the book is printed in a clear, large type and has many charming illustrations. The story itself has the same warmth and humor that older girls found in Miss Caudill's "The Tree of Freedom" and "Barrie and Daughter."

THE SAUCEPAN JOURNEY. By Edith Unnerstad. Illustrations by Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 180 pp. $2.50.

The author of this amusing tale is a Swedish novelist who believes that writing for children is a rewarding and a stimulating experience. This is the first of her children's books to be published in America. It is one of the nicest importations that we have had for a long time. It tells of the Larsson family — father, mother, and seven children — who travel in a trailer drawn by two superb Percheron horses, Laban and Lotta, from Stockholm to a little town on a lake called Norrkoping. Papa Larsson is an inventor, his most famous invention being a saucepan which whistles very loudly when the food in it is ready to eat. The sale of this saucepan, the many adventures on the road through the Swedish countryside, the humor and good sense of the Larsson children are described by Lars, the oldest boy. From little Pyson, who eats everything that he sees, to Dessi, the oldest girl who is going to be an artist, the Larsson children are a joy to meet. Their adventures take you through a lovely part of Sweden.

BERTRAM AND HIS MARVELOUS ADVENTURES. By Paul T. Gilbert. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 175 pp. $2.50.

Bertram's adventures have been published as short stories but this is the first time that they have appeared in book form. It seems that Mr. Gilbert told them to his two small sons who are now grown up. In them, Bertram acquires a number of animals including an eagle and a whale and, finally, a rather "scarey" spook. They all converse freely with Bertram, and some of them make quite a bit of trouble for Bertram's mother. The three bears become "dormant" in the two upstairs bedrooms and, when they wake up, the mother bear runs off with his mother's best silk nightgown. The kangaroo plays football well, but gets his signals mixed because Ginny Banning taught him, purposely, the wrong system of arithmetic. The llama nearly froze the entire household by insisting that the furnace be turned off. But all the adventures ended well and Bertram learned a good deal from them. Boys and girls will envy Bertram his poised and inventive parents. They will find a chuckle on every page of his book.

A LONG WAY TO FRISCO. By Alfred Powers. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 186 pp. $2.50.

This is an unusual story both in theme and treatment. Its classification

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as a junior book is questionable inasmuch as anyone who likes a tall tale of American pioneer days will not be disappointed in it. In some ways Mark Twain's Jumping Frogs were several jumps behind the fabulous swine of this tale.

During the Gold Rush days Cornelius Rogers and Levi Hunt wangled a contract for fourteen hundred hogs to be delivered in pork-hungry San Francisco. It looked easy until they learned that there were no hogs in California—in fact, none nearer than the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Merely traversing those seven hundred miles of wilderness infested with grizzly bears, desperadoes, and hostile Indians supplied enough adventure for a lifetime.

Mr. Powers has done a nice job, not only in telling a highly interesting yarn but in creating the atmosphere in which it lives. The characterization is excellent.

— MERRITT P. ALLEN.

TIM'S FIGHT FOR THE VALLEY. By Ralph Edgar Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 246 pp. $2.50.

Tim Blake left college to save his ancestral farm from soil erosion. It was an uphill business because not only did he have to mortgage the place, he had to buck the opposition of all his neighbors who did not believe in modern agricultural methods. Gerald Hovey, local farmer and banker, led the opposition for personal reasons, and his son Rod took an active hand in things because he and Tim were rivals for the favor of Ellie Driscoll. But Tim was a fighter with an unshakable faith in the land he loved. What he did and how he did it makes good reading for any boy or girl who is interested in country life and in the problems of a farmer.

Mr. Bailey's is a "young novel" with a definite love interest, though that part of it never gets more exciting than a kiss or two, for level-headed Tim was not one to let his girl interfere with his work. The characters are a bit conventional and the pace is slowed by detailed descriptions of unimportant things. But, by and large, it is a satisfactory story. —M. P. A.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Shakespeare. 2. Robert Burns. 3. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 4. Joseph Conrad. 5. J. M. Barrie. 6. Rudyard Kipling. 7. Carl Sandburg. 8. Edith Sitwell. 9. Keats. 10. T. S. Eliot. 11. Shelley. 12. Byron. 13. Washington Irving. 14. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 15. Dickens. 16. Robert Browning. 17. Tennyson. 18. R. L. Stevenson. 19. G. B. Shaw. 20. Sinclair Lewis.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BAROQUE

BUXTEHUDE: CANTATA, "ALLES WAS IHR TUT"; MAGNIFICAT, "ANIMA MEA"; ORGAN MAGNIFICAT "NONI TONI." Stuttgart Choral Soc., soloists, Suebian Sym., Grischkat; H. Liedecke, organ.
Renaissance X 30

LUBECK: CANTATAS, "HILF DEINEM VOLK"; "GOTT, WIE DEIN NAME"; ORGAN PRELUDES AND FUGUES IN C MI., E. Stuttgart Choral Soc., soloists, Suebian Sym., Grischkat; Eva Hoelderein, organ.
Renaissance X 32

▶ Two outstanding records of the brilliant, rich Baroque music that preceded Bach. The earlier Buxtehude works have that simple, "speaking" personal and intimate sound of early 17th c. music, already made florid with rich instrumental and musical elaboration. These performers (and conductor) have excellent feeling for the music; it is natural, fully alive, and expressive. The Lübeck cantatas, a generation or so later, are almost-Bach, more complex and magnificent, less personal. L. was clearly a major composer, though only a handful of works survive. These are stunningly brilliant pieces, notably "Gott, wie dein Name," with three trumpets, and the powerfully elaborate organ works. The three organ pieces are played on an unusually fine Baroque-style organ and beautifully recorded—one of the best organ recordings of the sort to date. With top quality recording, these are outstanding LP's.

SCHUTZ: "SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS"; FIVE MOTETS. Vienna Academy Choir, Vienna Sym., soloists, Grossman.
Vox PL 6860

▶ The "Seven Words," with its long passages of dramatic recitative, is sadly "antiquated" here, a conscientious but misguided performance, heavily metrical, ponderously slow, the singers clearly out of their depth. The *a cappella* motets, incomparably fine word-settings, are considerably better in spite of wobbly voices. Their dramatic impact almost sings itself! No texts provided.

SCHUTZ: "ST. JOHN PASSION." Stuttgart Choral Society, soloists, Grischkat; C. Stemann, evangelist.
Renaissance X 26

▶ Written when Schütz over eighty, this is conscious throwback to older "classical" unaccompanied style—but in effect it is a Bach-type Passion complete with recitative but minus all instrumental accompaniment. In spite of authentic modal flavor one feels that harmonic accompaniment (figured bass) could be added, is implied. Another excellent job, dramatically projected, impeccable in pitch, beautifully recorded, the words (familiar Passion texts) easily understandable.

HIGH-BAROQUE SPECIALTIES

RAMEAU: "HIPPOLYTE ET ARICIE." Soloists, choir, orch., cond. Désormière.
Oiseau-Lyre OLLD 10

▶ Evidently one of the new French-made LP's. Good recording, the highs not pre-emphasized—will sound dullish without tone adjustment. Bit buzzy in loud parts.

A ballet-opera, full of very French dance and chorus music, interesting accompanied recitative. Accurately sung with typical French-trained voices—a lively if somewhat hurried performance.

A CONCERT OF BAROQUE MUSIC (PART 1). K. Redel, fl.; H. Winschermann, ob.; M. Bachmann, cello; I. Lechner, hps.
Oiseau-Lyre OLLD 19

▶ Another of the same good but not top quality recording, the highs subdued, the bass somewhat peaky. Plenty fine enough for good listening.

Trio-sonatas with oboe and flute by Vivaldi, Reinhard Keiser, Loeillet, and an early "concerto" (cello obligato) of Handel—good cross section of this style and very well played.

HANDEL: SIX CONCERTI, OP. 3; "ALEXANDERFEST" CONCERTO IN C. Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska.
Bach Guild BG 505/506 (2)

▶ These six (plus dividend in the "Alexanderfest") complement the more famous twelve of Op. 6; here instead of fixed *concertino* of two violins and cello against strings there is considerable variety of scoring, the oboe featured prominently throughout, many mvts. suggesting later solo concerto form. First recording—the parts are not even published. Playing good, though rather heavy-textured, with some bouncy fugue playing.

HANDEL-FEKETE: "TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH" SUITE. Orch. Soc. of Vienna, Fekete.
Period SPLP 525

▶ Arguments for this large-orch. suite—restoring otherwise lost music; that Handel's orchestra was big and full of winds—are good. But this realization has too much of the Stokowski for my ears. Some is excellent, but parts are pompous, overblown in the playing and scoring. Music is basically top Handel and a lot gets through, even so. Worth investigating, decidedly.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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SERMONS OF SELF-DESTRUCTION

(*Continued from page 7*)

the California Teachers' Oath. Unfortunately for "exposers" of American "hysteria," this law was quite properly thrown out by the courts.

But no complacency! Anti-Communists must continue their "ceaseless vigilance" for civil liberties against thought-control. (This differs from the suicidal liberal's diversionary "vigilance" exclusively against the moat in his own bourgeois eye while the Soviet beam crashes on our head.) The thought-control lunatic fringe anti-Communists share the same vaudeville act with the Stalinoid Lumpen-intellectuals: the crackpot calling the kettle red.

Very well, then, let us continue to resist witch-hunt hysteria. But let us also resist hysteria about hysteria, the present witch-hunt against witch-hunts. Let the splendidly self-critical conscience of American intellectuals become as critical of suicide as of Red-baiting. Let this American conscience turn its cleansing scorn at full blast upon those self-baiters who ignore the ten million Saccos in the neo-Belsens of the Kremlin.

Many sincere democrats in Europe, India, and America applaud the neutralist baitings of our foreign policy as if these were attacks on irrational militarism or McCarthyism. The exact opposite is the case. They are often really attacks upon American democracy itself and upon the collective security indispensable for peace. Thereby they are attacks upon international democratic civilization, whose righteously armed American fist in Korea and Europe is not irrational militarism but reason exasperated, the last hope of peace against Soviet world conquest.

What about *The Nation* and *New Statesman* side of the case? In their defense they raise two arguments. Both are unjustly ignored by the professional Red-Baiter and must in fairness be here presented. First, they rightly warn against making anti-Communism a pretext for Nazi revivals abroad or for suppression of independent native radicals at home. Second, they rightly point out anti-Communists among their contributors. But these are outweighed by the Del Vayos and the appeasers.

WHERE within the liberal camp can be found the soundest, boldest most incisive opponents of the liberalism of suicide? In England in *The Economist*. In America in *Partisan Review*, *The New Leader*, the Roman Catholic *Commonweal*, and the American - Jewish - Committee - sponsored *Commentary*. High responsibilities rest on these five periodicals. It would be tragic to split anti-Soviet unity by fratricidal wranglings between conservatives and liberals. To preserve unity liberals must be more vigorously anti-fellow-traveler, as in the above magazines, and conservatives must be more vigorously anti-fascist, in the tradition of Churchill's heroism against Hitler.

On the Continent the finest anti-Communist magazine is *Der Monat*, edited in free Berlin by Melvin J. Lasky. He organized the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin (later it also met in India), which did so much to challenge neutralists. Its range, rallying anti-fellow-traveler opinion all over the globe, is shown by its honorary chairmen: Benedetto Croce, John Dewey, Karl Jaspers, Salvador de Madariaga, Jacques Maritain, Bertrand Russell. Its American branch is the newly founded "American Committee for Cultural Freedom," whose officials are Sidney Hook, Charles S. Johnson, H. J. Muller, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. By challenging the fellow-traveler " fronts" calmly, judiciously, and never demagogically, this new group is urgently needed. Not in order to excuse but to understand the vicious demagogy of certain loyalty probes let us ask this question: if more liberals had cried "bear" over appeasement in 1945 or over the "fronts" and the "Soviet economic democracy" nonsense of the Thirties, then would they not have less loyalty probes to cry "wolf" over in 1951?

What lured liberals into *Front Populaire* illusions in the Thirties was the myth of Soviet anti-fascism and anti-racism. By citing new Russo-German documents the appendix of my book "Conservatism Revisited" demonstrates, I believe, not only that the Soviet ruling-class already in the Thirties preferred Hitler to the West but that, behind its anti-cosmopolitan campaign, it is the most anti-Semitic persecutor in the world today. The authenticity of these documents has never been refuted. What about the argument that *The Nation* and *New Statesman* are too uninfluential to jeopardize our national security or to justify attacking them? The influence of intellectual journals can never be measured by quantitive circulation.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"Crown of Glory."

In any great historic decision, such as our 1945 appeasement, one factor is that amorphous thing known as "climate of opinion." This is created less by mass circulation of Hearst editorials and other popular comic books than by small qualitative circulation among those who "count."

No intellectual ever became pro-Communist from reading the *Daily Worker*: it is too stupidly transparent. No, it is these non-Communist but West-baiting and East-appeasing journals, with their "charming" belletristic snobbery and their "cultivated" artistic veneer, that entice the wavering intellectual by flattering and then misapplying his justified distrust of babbittry and American commercialism. *The Nation* and *New Statesman* sincerely detest Communist treason and all such logical disciplined, unqualified Stalinism. Never was it their intention to help mold this self-destructive generation of Alger Hiss or Burgess and MacLean. Of course not. But results, not intentions may perhaps help us lose World War III through the intellectual defection of key atom-scientists or through European distrust of America. No wonder Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a leader of the New Dealish "Americans for Democratic Action," wrote *The Nation* this letter, which it typically refused to print:

March 26, 1951

Dear Miss Kirchwey:

As an occasional contributor to *The Nation* I would like to associate myself with the general sentiments expressed by Clement Greenberg in his letter to *The Nation*, published in a recent issue of *The New Leader*. I know that many readers feel these days that *The Nation* is betraying its finest traditions — traditions which you yourself have courageously sustained in times

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past — when it prints, week after week, *these wretched apologies for Soviet despotism.*

I am equally troubled, however, by a separate issue — that is, by *The Nation's* refusal to give space in its correspondence columns to Mr. Greenberg's good-tempered and sensible letter. Quite apart from the discourtesy to an old *Nation* writer, this action deprives *Nation* readers of knowledge — to which they are surely entitled — of the reaction in liberal circles to Del Vayo and to *The Nation* editorials. I suppose it would be too much to hope that you would publish this brief letter from me, so that *Nation* readers might at least know of the existence of the Greenberg letter and of this controversy.

Sincerely Yours,
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Note Schlesinger's agreement with the Greenberg letter, whose text is still concealed from *Nation* readers. On this issue every waverer must at last take a clear-cut stand. Either he will support free speech for anti-Communist letters like those of Schlesinger and Greenberg. Or he will be smoked out, despite indignant virtuous denials, as a dupe or servant of Stalinist fascism.

The Nation appealed to "free speech" when excluded (I believe, unjustly) from certain public school libraries. No word in these pages should be twisted as condoning curtailment of the free speech of the fellow-travelers here attached. But today the shoe of free speech is on the other foot. Today *The Nation* refuses to print the protests of Schlesinger and of its former editor Greenberg, and sues the latter for libel. A decade from now this refusal will be famous as a turning-point: the final self-discrediting of the Lumpen-intellectual's * neo-babbittry. The Greenberg letter cited detailed evidence to allege that Alvarez del Vayo, foreign editor of *The Nation*, is a Soviet apologist. With this we may agree or disagree. In either case it is the sort of important intellectual document that a democratic magazine throws open to free public debate.

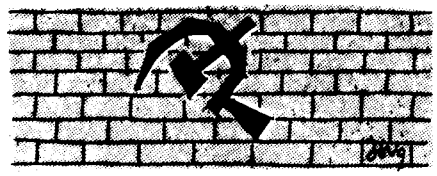
The Nation also refused to print letters from Richard Chase, Lewis Corey, Robert Gorham Davis, and countless other leading liberals backing the Greenberg or Schlesinger stand on Del Vayo. *The Nation* also failed to announce and discuss the crucial fact that Reinhold Niebuhr and Robert Bendiner have quit its staff to protest its foreign policy toward Russia and its libel suit. *The Nation* still prints the work of such anti-Soviet liberals as its distinguished literary and drama editors, Margaret Marshall and Joseph Wood Krutch. Unfortunately its foreign editor represents its more dominant political tone.

Meanwhile is there no reader who will do something about the following alarming fact? In capitalist, anti-Communist America *The Daily Worker* has Field and other millionaires to aid it. *The Nation* has its "angels." But the consistently anti-Communist *New Leader* is in financial crisis! Its function is to provide unique sources of necessary information about Soviet Russia by the world's leading experts, including Bertram Wolfe, David Shub, Michael Karpovich, Hans Kohn, Melvin Lasky, Norbert Muhlen, Harry Schwartz, David Dallin, and Dwight Macdonald. Yet, while *The Daily Worker* gets its capitalist subsidies, *The New Leader*, *Commonweal*, and *Partisan Review* still lack the slight funds to expand their exposures of both Communism and Nazism. Note the warning in the anti-fellow-traveler and anti-fascist manifesto published by those of us who join John Dewey, Croce, Maritain, Bertrand Russell, Sidney Hook, and Reinhold Niebuhr in serving the "Congress for Cultural Freedom":

"Before the last war intellectuals who refused to admit German concentration camps existed were ostracized by progressive intellectuals. Writers who today support Russian concentration camps or refuse to admit the facts concerning them are still regarded as 'progressive,' 'idealistic,' and so on. We refuse to grant intellectual respectability to the active *or passive* accomplices of terror."

Why the present writer's insistence on calling *The Nation* and other non-Communist waverers "well-intentioned"? Communists and Fascists are motivated by power; their success would feather their own nest. But the fellow-traveler intellectual, who for fifteen years bulldozed American cultural life, would be destroyed by his success. His motives are not power, not self-interest, but an often noble combination of anti-fascism abroad and anti-babbittry at home.

As an anti-fascist abroad he still thinks in terms of the accidental



World War II alliance of Russia with the democracies (after the failure of the more basic, less accidental Stalin-Hitler pact). As an anti-babbitt at home he correctly notes that the forces of mean-spirited bigotry are denouncing "Reds" who sometimes are not Reds at all but honest democratic reformers. Therefore, abroad he calls anti-Communism pro-fascist. And at home he calls it a mere trick to persecute honest democratic reformers. In this — *let us do him full justice!* — he is partly (perhaps 10 per cent) right: insofar as our right-wing extremists have indulged fascists abroad and smeared innocents at home they are partly to blame for turning intellectuals into fellow-travelers.

But fascists and right-wing extremists are not in power, are not our Administration, a crucial fact minimized by our sermonizers of self-destruction. Let us herewith challenge *The New Statesman* to stop concealing from its readers the true statistics: less than half of 1 per cent of America's three and a quarter million Government workers were even subjected to loyalty investigations; and after long legal hearings a mere 308 (.009 of 1 per cent) were dismissed. Or is even .009 excessive? Is even that a fascist panic, a terrorization of the entire working-class? Would *The New Statesman* or *The Nation* wish in the name of "free speech" that Fuchs and Hiss and Coplon had not been dismissed and should now be reinstated in high secret posts in order to end "American witch-hunts and anti-Red hysteria"? Does "democratic tolerance" mean self-murder? And if so why are they not equally tolerant to fascist spies? Why not as many tears for Vidkung Quisling as for "poor idealistic Hiss"? Or is "liberal" ethics a double book-keeping, somehow distinguishing between fascist and Communist traitors? Meanwhile *The New Statesman* tells its influential British readers the following damnable lie (let us use the blunt word "lie") about America's supposed reign of terror:

> The drive for conformity in "true Americanism" is intensified: properly to qualify the citizen would need a purity certificate from the Un-American Affairs Committee, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the Hearst newspapers. Among those unable to qualify fear of the informer strikes restraint even into private conver-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 907)

DONALD P. WILSON:
*MY SIX CONVICTS**

The reception rooms of the three dentists were full. A general anesthetic was rarely used. A convict fears anesthesia. He's afraid he will talk . . . They . . . get their denture plates free. Our dentists probably have a record of extractions.

*The men he selected as his staff in his psychological narcotic researches.

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sation. There are few Americans apart from the residents of some big cities and the comparatively small group of college teachers and intellectuals — the kind of people who read *The Nation* or *New Republic* — who today have much chance to read or hear dissenting opinions.

The Nation mentality and the Hearst-McCarthy mentality need each other, feed on each other, and are both wrong. Though their noise sounds deafening to Europe, both these hysterical extremes are unrepresentative (Europe, please note!) of American public opinion. Three things — German fascism, American babbittry, and an Oedipus complex against their own middle-class background — drove American middle-class intellectuals of the Thirties into pro-Stalinism. Even in 1951 many fail to see that the fellow-traveler liberal is not anti-Philistine but a new kind of Philistine, with his own equally stale and dogmatic clichés; he is merely Babbitt Junior.

Their failure to see this is a mistake of the head, not of the heart. That is why our preachers of self-destruction are decently motivated, in contrast with fascists and real Communists. For that all honor to the editors and disciples of *The Nation* and *The New Statesman.* It would sacrifice fair-mindedness to oversimplification if in the heat of this debate we deny the link between them and us anti-appeasers, the link of a common free culture despite ourselves. Does not 1688 unite us psychologically as much as 1917 divides us politically?

Today the savage armies of Soviet fascism are the gravest single menace to mankind. Then let all who have already learnt this appeal humbly, in the name of our common bond of anti-fascism, to our wavering anti-fascist colleagues in the literary and academic world. Let it be a last appeal to join with the forces of global freedom in an all-out drive against Red terror dictatorship abroad and against the infamous disingenuousness of the fellow-travelers at home. Before being ethically forced to a final break with them let the free, Stalin-loathing portion of Amercan and European intellectuals appeal this once more to the slave and neutralist parts, in the words of Cromwell: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken."

Peter Viereck is associate professor of history at Mount Holyoke College. His books include "Conservatism Revisited" and "Metapolitics from the Romantics to Hitler." A collection of his lyrics, "Terror and Decorum," won the 1948 Pulitzer prize in poetry.

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WOMAN INTERIOR DECORATOR considering business partner in allied field. Box 631-H.

YOUNG but intrepid male desires stimulating correspondence. Box 661-H.

WHAT DO YOU THINK when you see "please omit flowers"? Box 667-H.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

EMOTIONALLY MATURE, hardworking but temporarily isolated woman, would welcome letters from articulate individuals with sense of humor and a real interest. Box 646-H.

ARTISTIC but lonely young man invites interesting correspondence. Box 647-H.

MATURE WOMAN, writer, world traveler; loves music, people, country; would correspond with man of similar tastes. Box 648-H.

LONESOME GUY *would correspond with venturesome* femme possessing mature pen. Box 649-H.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, sincere, would enjoy correspondence. Box 650-H.

UNCOMPLICATED NURSE, interested in intellectual pursuits and dancing, invites correspondence from mature counterpart. Box 651-H.

VERY CONTINENTAL, slightly Victorian, bit conservative, but otherwise generally considered broad-minded, witty, entertaining foreign gentlemen; would enjoy exchanging correspondence with lady of similar tastes. Perfect English, knows American ways. Good mixer, loves people, though doesn't dance. Good talker but good listener too. Loves the Big City but also the mountains and the seas. Hates radio, abhors television. Never saw a ballgame and hopes never to have to. Likes opera, operettas, shows, good food, but above all the grand art of conversation. Carries his drink well. Doesn't like concert music, the speaking stage, poetry, lectures. Admires chic and savoir vivre above mere beauty. Can't afford luxury, but loves reasonable comfort which he can. Box 653-H.

BUDDING GENIUS going to seed. Invites offers from any field. Box 560-H.

SERVICEMAN, soon a friendly civilian, will answer interesting correspondence with interest. Box 561-H.

PLAYWRIGHT, excellent craftsman just readied for Broadway production, seeks bright young collaborator for new play. Box 562-H.

WANTED: to exchange children's bookplates. Metta Loomis, 315 North LaGrange Road, LaGrange, Illinois.

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LADY, painter, ceramist, would accommodate on farm 1-3 guests in charming separate cottage, all conveniences, mountain view, golf, swimming, art center, summer theater nearby. 200 miles NYC Box 569-H.

SOLDIER, college graduate, desires correspondence with friendly young lady. Box 570-H.

NEW LITERARY AGENCY requires sales partner to handle sales, public relations, publicity contacts, in both the book and magazine fields. Box 571-H.

CIVIL ENGINEER, intellectually inclined, deeply interested classical music. Seeks correspondence with similarly minded girl. Box 572-H.

LIVELY, VERSATILE CO-ED invites correspondence with an interesting, intelligent gentleman. Box 573-H.

LIBRARIAN, extensive experience, desires research work. Box 574-H.

RESERVE OFFICER RECALLED, seeks correspondence alert, pert, fun-loving femininity. Box 551-H.

BARGAIN RENTAL, Maine coast, modern cottage, 3 bedrooms. Apply Box No. 156, Port Clyde, Maine.

ODD AND UNUSUAL books wanted. Box 554-H.

SECRETARY, young, sincere, invites correspondence mature, refined male. Box 555-H.

UNSOPHISTICATED, but not too naive young woman, craves friendly and genuine correspondents. Box 556-H.

HARD OF HEARING lady seeks correspondence with others similarly handicapped. Box 557-H.

PERSONALS

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 908

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To instigate.	137 13 94 88 129 68
B. East Indian grass from which palmarosa oil is distilled.	85 70 11 124 58
C. Another name for the Megarian school established by Euclid, pupil of Socrates.	38 98 119 96 143 152 65
D. Submissive to national or legal supervision.	5 139 57 66 79 162 156
E. Always not coarse.	160 166 177 136 117 69 9 23
F. The sequoia of California.	90 172 131 8 138 64 82
G. Island of the Inner Hebrides, Scotland, early center of the Celtic church.	72 154 146 24
H. An umbrella (India).	153 149 102 169 100 3
I. Sacred woolen cord worn as a girdle by the Parsis.	130 155 147 10 1
J. Highest peak in British Columbia, 13,260 feet.	108 30 78 157 105 71 28 120 113 151
K. Hits (the ball or a shot) poorly (golf).	15 175 32 37
L. Without design or premeditation.	76 89 118 97 142 6 165 127
M. The sound system of a language.	158 112 42 81 107 46 99 21 33
N. In reversed order (3 wds.).	55 14 104 43 19 176 110 39 60
O. Greek letter frequent in fraternity names.	84 134 161 80 45 145 51
P. American inventor of oldest horseless carriage, now in Smithsonian Institution (1857-1925).	121 150 22 17 36 40
Q. New name (1946) of peak in Banff National Park, Canada; 9,390 feet.	133 128 56 164 140 35 75 114 167 25
R. New England Transcendentalism (with "The"; hist.).	59 49 122 103 86 4 26
S. Members of an international organization having the motto "Service".	159 16 148 61 54 144 93 20 73
T. Exclamation (esp. U.S.; comp.) when yawning.	116 170 87 29
U. American writer (1849-1909; "The Country of the Pointed Firs", etc.).	92 111 2 41 34 47
V. Minstrel in Robin Hood ballads; also in Scott's works (var. sp.; comp.).	7 77 18 67 106 27 141 44 12 132
W. To jumble.	115 50 109 74 163 173 31 83
X. Charming to look upon.	101 91 53 63 126 171 95
Y. Impairs; breaks into pieces.	62 48 123 125 52 135 168 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 I	■	2 U	3 H	4 R	■	5 D	6 L	7 V	8 F	9 E	■	10 I	11 B	■	12 V	13 A
14 N	15 K	16 S	17 P	■	18 V	19 N	20 S	21 M	■	22 P	23 E	24 G	25 Q	26 R	■	27 V
28 J	29 T	■	30 J	31 W	■	32 K	33 M	■	34 U	35 Q	36 P	■	37 K	38 C	39 N	40 P
41 U	■	42 M	43 N	■	44 V	45 O	46 M	■	47 U	48 Y	49 R	■	50 W	51 O	52 Y	53 X
54 S	55 N	56 Q	57 D	■	58 B	59 R	60 N	■	61 S	62 Y	63 X	64 F	65 C	66 D	67 V	68 A
69 E	70 B	71 J	■	72 G	■	73 S	74 W	75 Q	76 L	77 V	78 J	■	79 D	80 O	81 M	82 F
■	83 W	84 O	85 B	86 R	■	87 T	88 A	89 L	90 F	91 X	■	92 U	93 S	94 A	95 X	96 C
■	97 L	98 C	99 M	100 H	101 X	■	102 H	103 R	104 N	■	105 J	■	106 V	107 M	108 J	■
109 W	110 N	111 U	■	112 M	113 J	114 Q	■	115 W	116 T	■	117 E	118 L	119 C	120 J	121 P	■
122 R	123 Y	124 B	■	125 Y	126 X	■	127 L	128 Q	129 A	130 I	■	131 F	132 V	133 Q	134 O	135 Y
136 E	■	137 A	138 F	139 D	140 Q	141 V	142 L	143 C	144 S	145 O	146 G	147 I	■	148 S	149 H	150 P
151 J	■	152 C	■	153 H	154 G	155 I	156 D	157 J	■	158 M	159 S	160 E	161 O	162 D	163 W	164 Q
■	165 L	166 E	167 Q	168 Y	■	169 H	170 T	■	171 X	172 F	173 W	174 Y	175 K	176 N	177 E	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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